

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

MAY 21, 1938

WHO'S WHO

PETER ARRUEPE, S.J. is a Basque from Bilbao. His interest, therefore, in the fate of the Basque and other children snatched from Spain comes from the bloodstream as well as from the soul. When he was studying medicine at the National University in Madrid, he had for his professor of biology the present head of the Spanish Loyalist alleged Government, Señor Juan Negrín. This distinction, of course, proved an open sesame to the inner Communist circles in Mexico when he went to visit the *españolitos*. Next week we propose to publish another article on the repatriation of the Basque children held in England, written by the authority, Paul McGuire. . . . EMERSON HYNES, when questioned about himself, found little "which would be of reader interest; no degrees of importance; no prestige; no travels," only "a young writer doing graduate work in apologetics at the University of Notre Dame." But that is important; he is one of the six who were given complete scholarships by Notre Dame for a two-year training in philosophy and theology in the hope of developing some writers among the laity. Cheers for Notre Dame! . . . LEONARD FEENEY is unknown to none of our readers. It cannot be determined whether he is a better poet or a better essayist. The problem becomes more complicated with his new book announced this week: is he now a better biographer? His treatment of *Elizabeth Seton: American Woman* is the best fireside story we have read for moons without end. . . . HENRY WATTS resents being credited with intellectuality; prefers to be known as AMERICA'S man at the door.

THIS WEEK

COMMENT 146

GENERAL ARTICLES

- The League of Nations Dies Not, Neither Does It Live.....Emerson Hynes 148
Newman's Gentleman.....Edwin Ryan 149
Mexico Plays Host to Spain's Kidnapped ChildrenPeter Arrupe 150
Patient in Forty-Six at Babson Memorial HospitalLeonard Feeney 153

EDITORIALS 156

- The Labor Picket . . . Censorship . . . Federal Art
. . . Love's Young Dream . . . Wages and Hours
. . . Fight the Cause . . . In His Name.

CHRONICLE 159

CORRESPONDENCE 161

LITERATURE AND ARTS

- The Larger Lunacy of Alfred Rosenberg
Henry Watts 163

BOOKS REVIEWED BY 165

- Heart to Heart, A Cardinal Newman Prayer
BookDavid Gordon
The Jesuit Code of Liberal Education
Ruth Byrns
Men and Tendencies.....William J. Benn

ART Harry Lorin Binsse 167

THEATRE Elizabeth Jordan 167

FILMS Thomas J. Fitzmorris 168

EVENTS The Parader 168

Editor-in-Chief: FRANCIS X. TALBOT.

Associate Editors: PAUL L. BLAKELY, JOHN LAFARGE, GERARD DONNELLY,
JOHN A. TOOMEY, LEONARD FEENEY, WILLIAM J. BENN, ALBERT I. WHELAN.

Editorial Office: 329 W. 108TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Business Manager: FRANCIS P. LEBUFFE.

Business Office: 53 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK CITY.

AMERICA. Published weekly by The America Press, 53 Park Place, New York, N. Y., May 21, 1938, Vol. LIX, No. 7, Whole No. 1493. Telephone BARclay 7-8993. Cable Address: Cathreview. United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly \$4.00; Canada, \$4.50; Europe, \$5.00. Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, under Act of March 3, 1879. AMERICA, A Catholic Review of the Week, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

COMMENT

STROLLING down Broadway a few days ago we passed a movie theatre that was showing David W. Griffith's "colossal" masterpiece, *The Birth of a Nation*. At a nearby street corner a soap-box orator, an avowed Communist, declaimed against the showing of the picture as an insult to the American citizenry. Pickets, professedly Communist, paraded before the show house shouting: "Don't patronize this Fascist picture." Really, we thought, our education in the meaning and extent of Fascism is progressing. But a few days previous we were informed that poor, simple George III was a Fascist, and now it was the Ku Klux Klan. Whether the Ku Kluxers of the late 1860's were Fascists or not does not particularly interest us. We were interested, however, the next morning on opening the paper to learn of a number of organizations that had sent petitions to the State Department requesting a repeal of the neutrality laws pertaining to the Spanish embargo. Most of the organizations were Communist. But our attention was focused on the Scottish Rite Masons of the Southern Jurisdiction. If any organization was active in K. K. K. circles it was this one. Yet the Communists claim the Klan is a Fascist organization. How come that the Fascists and Communists are at one on the issue of Spain? It would not surprise us if the common ground for this new united front were anti-Catholic hatred.

- - -

THERE seems to be a hex on Simon W. Gerson. The man is dogged by bad luck, and despite his very understandable shrinking from publicity, something or other is always happening to put his name into the papers. To be sure, hardly a week passes without the *World-Telegram* blasting him in an editorial, for the *World-Telegram* does not like to see an avowed Communist appointed to administrative office or continuing to hold that office against the public will, and it proposes to keep up its clamor until Mr. Gerson surrenders either his job or his party affiliation. But editorial opposition is not the only source of Mr. Gerson's woes. He stands in grave danger of becoming a Common Oratorical Illustration. Let anybody hereabouts make a speech—any kind of speech, on democracy, say, or the Labor Party, or the State constitution, or city government or almost any other subject—and he is sure to drag in Gerson in order to give concreteness to his arguments for this side or that. Last week began peacefully and promised for a while to be a no-mention-of-Gerson week. But soon regrettable news began to pour out of our municipal courts. It seems that three months ago Mr. Gerson was sued in court over some unimportant financial matter, and his friends, attempting to save him from embarrassing publicity, induced the Justice to

word the text of a memorandum so as to make it appear that "Samuel W. Gilson" was the defendant. Falsification of documents by a court official is serious business, but when the story broke last week, it was Mr. Gerson's name, rather than the injudicious judge's, that got into the headlines. Moreover, this story came right on top of another. Our readers may recall that early this year Mr. Gerson and his patron, in their efforts to keep the appointment legal, got involved in a game of political pussy-wants-a-corner that made them look rather ridiculous and finally brought Mr. Gerson to court on a taxpayer's complaint. Well, the court decided the case only last week—after nearly everybody had forgotten about it. The decision had no practical bearing on Mr. Gerson's continuance in his present job. But it slapped his name into the headlines again and increased his unhappiness. Mr. Gerson has a hard time getting forgotten.

- - -

MAYBE a saving sense of humor is impossible with the American Eugenics Society, since eugenics as a science is said to be more dismal than economics. But oh for a wee bit of logic! Dr. Huntington of Yale, retiring president of the Society, was quoted as declaring at its recent annual meeting that "both socially and biologically it is desirable that parents who provide good homes should have more babies." And Mr. Osborne: "It is important to increase the size of the family among competent 'above-the-average people' of this country." At least a bathtub and running water are therefore prerequisites for such families. Fortunately for the U. S. A., when Mrs. Lincoln was giving her baby, Abraham, his weekly bath in the clothes tub with water carried from the creek, no eugenist ordered her to throw the tub, water and baby out the window. Perhaps even, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were not "reckoned," as some Kentuckians say, among the "competent above-the-average people." Contrariwise, President Conant of Harvard, in his crusade for worthwhile students in American colleges, warns the latter that they have been "fishing in a very small pool," presumably, of the "above-the-average people, who provide good homes."

- - -

AT ALBANY, N. Y., a state convention is drafting a new constitution to be submitted, mostly likely in sections, to the voters. An amendment by the Democratic leader has been submitted to the convention to authorize the legislature to provide limited financial aid to parochial schools. With the convention controlled by Republicans and a gubernatorial election in the offing, it will be good strategy, say political prognosticators, for the Republicans also to favor submitting the amendment. Apparently it

was not such good "politics" in New York State in the 1894 and in the 1915 constitutional conventions. In the latter, the proposal attained to its highest point of justice by being allowed to die in committee! Catholic grade schools educate approximately thirty per cent of the children of New York State. And yet our dollar in educational tax is to be pegged at fifty cents. American justice in this matter moves slowly. Some Catholics doubt the wisdom of accepting state aid for our schools. That is a family question. First remove from our statute books a galling injustice. It might not be wise for a Catholic to be President but our family's determination in that matter should not be written into any constitution.

READERS with a taste for politics will be interested in what one of the recent books, *The Market Place*, has to say about that old slogan, "As Maine goes so goes the nation." The rock-ribbed State chooses a Governor during the September preceding the presidential election, and our readers know how the political commentators on both sides of the fence always write pieces to prove that the slogan is either trustworthy or quite unreliable, and that the Maine results are either an uncannily accurate forecast or else a wholly discredited barometer. Well, this new book points out that we have been crediting Maine with prophetic powers that once really belonged to a sister state. From 1856 up to 1913, Vermont held a "September election," too, and the slogan ought to run thus: "As Vermont went, so went the nation." For during all the quadrennial elections of those sixty years, Vermont supplied a practically infallible straw in the wind. Indeed, the State missed jumping on the right bandwagon only twice, and one of these times was when she voted for Tilden. But even that can hardly be counted against her, for (as the author, A. D. Noyes, remarks): "Nobody knows, even now, who was actually elected president in 1876."

THE BENEDICTINE chronicler, with moistened eyes and a quickened heart-beat, no doubt, recently recorded in the venerable *historia domus* the passing of the famed St. Bernard dogs accompanied by their aged guardian and servitor, Brother Cyrille, from the Swiss monastery in the snowy Alps via steamship at Marseilles to an alien monastic retreat near Lhasa in Tibet. Perhaps the chronicler recalled men's efforts throughout the centuries to conquer the icy perils of high, at times inaccessible, mountains whether for the joy of winter's sports, for the advancement of science, for his own livelihood, or for the succor and rescue of his fellow man, as in the case of the St. Bernard monks; or, terrible contrast and commentary, for the strategic advancement of military forces from the times of ancient generals down to the latest "incidents" at the Brenner Pass. Brother Cyrille will return to his Alpine home, where he and his Benedictine brethren will continue to beseech Almighty God in prayer, in study, and in work to rescue unto their

European neighbors as well as to all men that peace and that kindly human help and succor symbolized in the great Benedictine motto *Pax* and of which the world was reminded so sympathetically through the exiled St. Bernard dogs.

BUT a short few months ago our newspapers shrieked the news that Brazil's Getulio Vargas had become a Fascist dictator. It did him little good to deny the charge. The American press, in spite of his disclaimer, continued to refer to him intermittently as a Fascist, because he averred that he had assumed leadership to forestall and suppress the growing Communist tendencies. That was enough for the press; he was a Fascist. Last week the shrieking continued in our papers, but this time we were informed that Brazilian Fascists endeavored to seize President Vargas, and the Government as well, in an armed coup. Disorder reigned about the Presidential mansion, and even Senhor Vargas and his intrepid family took an active part in the suppression of the attack. Reason given for the revolt: Fascist opposition to the Vargas regime. This loose use of the word Fascist is becoming an American phobia. More probably, the *Integralitas* of Brazil are Nazis rather than Fascists, and President Vargas seems never to have been affiliated with the party. It all goes to show how insidiously Communist terminology and propaganda are growing, since among the Reds "he who is not with" them is a Fascist.

THE NYE resolution for the repeal of the embargo on airplanes and death-dealing munitions for Spain seems to have been parked. One reason for this was the violence of the fury of those campaigning for it, the obviousness of the deceit that they were practising; these were too strong and too distasteful for our legislators and the executives. The Communists flooded the engine with too much gasoline. The Popular Front of liberals was being raised too suspiciously. The fate of the Nye resolution, we were informed, depended on the nod of the Administration. President Roosevelt let fall the quiet word, and Secretary Hull issued several statements that circulated around the issues of the resolution. And so, Congressional action at this time was judged to be inopportune. Another reason for the anesthetic applied to the Nye move for repeal of the embargo was the situation abroad; it was quite certain that complications would ensue; at least, there would be obstacles to the policy of the democracies which were striving to quarantine the infection in Spain. Realism won over the sentimentality and the all too cloying sweetness of the liberal propagandists in the United States. But a thought has occurred to us, surveying the collapse of the Communist effort, namely, that the protests made by Catholic and other patriotic groups against the possible involvement of the United States in a war on the Communist side had but a minor effect in preventing the Nye resolution from being passed, or side-tracking it for the present.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS DIES NOT, NEITHER DOES IT LIVE

The elaborate machinery fails to operate

EMERSON HYNES

ARTICLE 10 of the Covenant of the League of Nations reads: "The members of the League undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League."

That the League failed to protect Austria from being swallowed by Germany should shock no one. But the amazing thing is that no nation, not even Austria, and almost no newspaper adverted to the fact that the League should have acted. Men have a way of forgetting institutions once they have been abolished—the Blue Eagle of the N.R.A. is already a legend. Yet when the most important events of a decade happen within the domain of a functioning institution composed of fifty-eight states, including three major powers, and this institution's reaction to these events does not merit even so much as a sub-headline, there is the suspicion that all is not right.

At the time of its inauguration in 1920 the League had a laudable program: to prevent war; to organize peace; to promote humanitarian cooperation. In the famous Article 16 it provided the ultimate means of accomplishing its objectives: "Should any member of the League resort to war in disregard of its covenants . . . it shall ipso facto be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other members of the League."

It is scarcely necessary to recall the events of the past five years which caused the breakdown of the League. There have been two wars. Every nation is rearming on an unprecedented scale. Three years ago Ethiopia, China and Austria were members of the League. Today the first is a colony of Italy's, the second has lost large slices of her territory to Japan, and the last is part of the new German Empire.

It has been the failure to prevent the loss of integrity of these three members which has most discredited the League. Backed by England it led the fight against Mussolini and sought to dissuade him, even to the point of imposing economic sanctions. Unfortunately, those sanctions were dictated by Mussolini—he made it known that if certain products were put on the prohibited list, he would go to war against the League, and England did not want to go to war—and consequently were ineffec-

tual. China called on the League when Japan began its invasion, and a commission was sent to investigate. Its report resulted in a vigorous protest and in the passing last September of a resolution condemning the Japanese bombing of Chinese open towns.

And so it is no wonder that today the League of Nations is so impotent, so discredited, so completely ignored that it did not make the news dispatches when another of its members was conquered. The League has faced three crises, and in this last one has not even been given the consolation of having been found wanting!

What is the reason that this confederation of nations has availed little toward effecting international harmony in major problems? Why do Jan Christian Smuts' words of a few years ago in reference to the League sound so ironical now: "Mankind has, as it were, at one bound and in the short space of ten years, jumped from the old order to the new, across a gulf which may yet prove to be the greatest divide in human history. . . . What has been done can never be undone."

The United States must accept some of the responsibility, since its refusal to join weakened the authority of the League from the start. Economic sanctions, for instance, could hardly be a threat against an erring nation as long as the markets of the United States were open. The prestige and moral support which our membership might have given the League should not be minimized. But it is a false assumption to say that it would have held the League together; for there were more basic forces which militated against the strength of the League and destroyed it from within.

First, the League became a structure for maintaining the *status quo* established by the Treaty of Versailles. To "preserve the peace" meant to preserve existing boundaries and restrictions. It was a means whereby the "haves" kept the "have-nots" from having. Thus it became but a matter of time before those who had been humiliated by the outcome of the war—the Germans—and those who had been on the winning side but gained little—Italians and Japanese—would assert themselves. Hitler's flaunting of the League has been most systematic: resignation from the body in 1933; policy of intense re-militarization, 1933 and since;

troops into the Rhineland, 1936; seizure of Austria, 1938. There was no way but war to stop him or to stop Italy and Japan, and war was what the League sought to avert.

Perhaps it need not have been a matter of war, had England and France and the smaller nations of Europe in the League been willing to invoke Article 19 of the Covenant: "The Assembly may from time to time advise the reconstruction by members of the League of treaties which have become inapplicable . . ." That provision for change makes the League unique in history since it provided the avenue for revision, whereas every other war has ended with a treaty which was to settle the dispute for all time. But the "haves" did not choose to revise treaties and boundaries.

Second, the League was practically doomed from the start by the absence of a unifying philosophy with an objective and transcendent base. Even the physical structure of the League, a confederation of states instead of a union, made a unified front impossible. It sanctioned nationalism. The only common basis was a pragmatistic assumption that everyone wanted to avoid war. But war is not abhorrent to all. Not to peoples suffering from a violation of their rights. And especially not to peoples whipped by nationalism, wanting to expand, demanding that their honor be avenged, hounded by a complex to unite to their nation all persons speaking the same language.

This lack of moral unity has best been evidenced by the flippancy with which nations have broken treaties. They have been willing to keep their pledges and to abide by League decisions as long as it was expedient to do so. National interests still determine each nation's policy, and membership in the League has done nothing to change that philosophy in any country. Italy, Japan and Germany have received the severest censure for disregard of treaties. They have had to shoulder the blame for the fall of the League.

Yet the loyal members are fully as guilty of letting selfish interests dictate their policies. The League Covenant expressly states that all members are bound to protect the integrity of other members, and that the violation of this integrity by an aggressor constitutes an act of war against all members. Then why did not England, France and Russia, the three major powers of the League, insist that Article 16 be invoked against Italy when she invaded Ethiopia, against Japan when she overran China, or against Germany at the recent conquest of Austria? They had pledged themselves to do so by their very act of joining the League. They did not do so because their own integrity was not being threatened. They were looking out for themselves. The finger of shame may be pointed at Italy, Japan and Germany, but the finger of scorn at England, France and Russia. The latter countries broke their covenant with Ethiopia, China and Austria just as surely as Italy broke hers with the League.

The present League of Nations will never again be a force in international relations—that is the opinion of realistic scholars. It is not dead, but it is

not alive. It will continue to function, but it has ceased to be an influence. Its Secretariat, its Council and its Assembly will continue to meet. Surviving members will continue to pay dues. (League officials have informed Austria that it must withdraw formally and continue to pay its League dues during the two-year notice period!) It will carry on its minor functions: dealing with social and humanitarian questions, aiding refugees, solving international labor problems. Idealistic supporters will seek to revive it. Papers will be written to show that it has only faltered temporarily and to point out that Rome was not built in a day. But as a virile institution to "achieve international peace and security" it is finished. For the law of the jungle still reigns in international relations: each state for itself and no one help the hindmost.

The failure of the mighty League which was to become the greatest divide in history should serve as lasting evidence that the task of uniting nations is impossible as long as exaggerated nationalism remains and as long as morality continues to be determined by each individual state according to its needs. In the last analysis, then, it is not so much that the League has failed as it is that the nations which make up the League have failed.

A League of Nations is possible, and highly desirable, but not until the people and rulers of states realize that the natural law applies equally to nations as to individuals. A utilitarian and pragmatistic brotherhood of man philosophy will not suffice. Any league of nations must have its roots in a belief in a personal God and must acknowledge that the peoples of the nations are destined for God. Until such recognition of a transcendent law neither leagues nor treaties will have any more strength than each particular national cares to give them.

NEWMAN'S GENTLEMAN

EDWIN RYAN



LAST month AMERICA contained an article in which was pointed out the error involved in taking a certain oft-quoted passage from *The Idea of a University* as "Newman's Ideal of a Gentleman." Since the writer of the article thanked a book of mine for having set him right on the subject I feel it is but fair that since I have shown that the passage in question does *not* represent Newman's ideal I ought to go on and show that Newman *has* given us some notion of what he conceived a gentleman to be. Here are a few extracts that will illustrate the point in question.

Liberal education makes not the Christian, not the Catholic, but the gentleman. It is well to be a gentleman, it is well to have a cultivated intellect, a delicate taste, a candid, equitable, dispassionate mind, a noble and courteous bearing in the conduct of life;—these are the connatural qualities of a large knowledge; they are the objects of a University;

I am advocating, I shall illustrate and insist upon them; but still, I repeat, they are no guarantee for sanctity or even for conscientiousness, they may attach to the man of the world, to the profligate, to the heartless—pleasant, alas, and attractive as he shows when decked out in them. (*Idea of a University*, Discourse VI.)

Giving a specimen of what he calls "good members of society" he says:

He is at home in any society, he has common ground with every class; he knows when to speak and when to be silent; he is able to converse, he is able to listen; he can ask a question pertinently, and gain a lesson seasonably, when he has nothing to impart himself; he is ever ready, yet never in the way; he is a pleasant companion, and a comrade you can depend upon; he knows when to be serious and when to trifle, and he has a sure tact which enables him to trifle with gracefulness and to be serious with effect. He has the repose of a mind which lives in itself, while it lives in the world, and which has resources for its happiness at home when it cannot go abroad. He has a gift which serves him in public, and supports him in retirement, without which good fortune is but vulgar, and with which failure and disappointment have a charm. (*Ibid.* Discourse VII.)

All that goes to constitute a gentleman, the carriage, gait, address, gestures, voice; the ease, the self-possession, the courtesy, the power of convers-

ing, the talent of not offending; the lofty principle, the delicacy of thought, the happiness of expression, the taste and propriety, the generosity and forbearance, the candour and consideration, the openness of hand;—these qualities, some of them come by nature, some of them may be found in any rank, some of them are a direct precept of Christianity. (*Historical Sketches* III, p. 10.)

The great mass of men . . . confine themselves to two or three virtues, superficially practised. . . . Thus a soldier's duty is loyalty, obedience and valour, and he may let other matters take their chance; a trader's duty is honesty; an artisan's duty is industry and contentment; of a gentleman are required veracity, courteousness, and self-respect. . . . Now, all these are instances of mere Pharisaical excellence; because there is no apprehension of Almighty God, no insight into His claims on us. (*Sermons Preached on Various Occasions* p. 24.)

In fact, the industrious student will light upon many a passage of Newman which shows unmistakably that that clear thinker and sincere Christian, who called "the English gentleman" a fantastic ideal, was simply incapable of proposing to the world as a model the character he delineates in that passage which has been so much misunderstood. To have done so would have stamped him a pagan and an idiot—and Newman was neither a pagan nor an idiot.

MEXICO PLAYS HOST TO SPAIN'S KIDNAPPED CHILDREN

Tragic fate of the five hundred "saved" by the Communists

PETER ARRUPE



WE entered peaceful Morelia by the highway from Mexico City at nine in the evening. The streets of the historic city gave the appearance of an ant hill, with children swarming about and pilfering like vagabonds.

The person who had come with me in the automobile, a lady well-known in the city, anticipating my question, said: "Here you have the Spanish children."

I could not help showing my astonishment at seeing at such an hour and in that condition the little Spaniards (*españolitos*, as the Mexicans call them). I had supposed them quartered in the former school of the Salesian Fathers, now the property of the Government.

"Yes, Señor, it is true they are lodged in the

School," said my guide, "but today they are in the streets at this hour because for the last three days they have not gone to class. They have been wandering about the streets; they are on strike."

"Very interesting," I replied; "but cannot the supervisors and teachers control them?"

"It is easy to see that you do not know these *españolitos*. There is no one who can do anything with them. Neither supervisor nor teacher can control them. Only a few Catholic families with candy and pious pictures have succeeded in taming them when they took them into their homes. But on returning to school they are worse than ever because they say they want to live with these Catholic families. That explains why these families have been forbidden to come near the school. You know that

with candy and religion they aim only to incite them."

"Yes. But what was the cause of the strike?"

"Three days ago, in one of the classes, a child was up to some prank. The teacher struck him with a ruler. Without a word the child left the class, picked up a stone from a pile which was being used in some construction work, and hurled it from the doorway so accurately that he split the teacher's head open. The supervisor, naturally, wished to punish the offender; but the children protested, saying that the stone had been a just retaliation against an unjust attack. They all joined in the protest and declared a strike. Since then they have not returned to class."

Out of curiosity, I asked: "What measures have the authorities taken?"

"You will see. The institution had a very popular cook, much liked by the children. Therefore, the supervisor, as a punitive measure, and thinking it would be one of the most severe punishments which could be inflicted upon the rebellious children, dismissed her. Do you think this would pacify the children? Well, they went out, found the cook and reinstated her in her position."

I could not help laughing at such a tale. At this point we arrived at the hotel. We stayed there until the following day when we went to visit the school which sheltered these five hundred children brought from all parts of Spain to Mexico.

Fortunately and very advantageously, one of the most influential and radical authorities of the College was in the lobby awaiting Dr. Arrupe of the Madrid Faculty of Medicine. As such I was introduced in the Leftist society of Morelia.

This man, with a graciousness which I cannot sufficiently stress, not only showed me the whole management, but during all the time of our visit gave a running comment on all kinds of information of the greatest interest. Without doubt the fact that it was known that I had been a pupil of Negrin in Madrid was of advantage to me. To each confidence was added: "We can speak to you in all confidence; with those of the Right we have to go carefully."

Thus, through a series of circumstances, I was enabled not only to get full information but also could verify the information which I had previously heard. Paul McGuire (AMERICA, April 9) asked: "What of the rest, of the thousands in Russia and in Mexico?" a question which many millions of American Catholics and, in general, all men who preserve even a semblance of humanity have asked. He discusses it in this article as an eye-witness. I believe that my testimony is reliable and impartial because of the triple source of my data:

1. That of the personnel of the Institution.
2. That of the families of Morelia who for months have had contact with the children.
3. That of the children themselves.

I do not think that it will be superfluous in pacifying the minds of some skeptical critics to state that there is nothing set forth in this article which I have not seen with my own eyes and verified through this triple testimony of the personnel, the

families of Morelia, and the children themselves.

The group of children transported to Morelia was composed of 250 boys and as many girls, between the ages of three and seventeen. They are quartered in the former school of the Salesian Fathers.

What kind of children are they? Almost all have parents in Spain from whom they were taken against their will or without consulting them. The divergent opinion on them speaks for itself; that of the personnel of the Institution who consider them unbearable, and that of the families who sheltered them for some time at the beginning and who developed a great affection for them. Tears came to the eyes of one lady on telling me how she had with her for more than two months a little Spanish girl who was so docile and of such exemplary conduct that the children of her own family considered her as a little sister. But finally at the end of two months they checked up in the Institution, discovered a child missing and obliged her to return. At the end of two months they noted the missing child, but only because other children hearing of the good fortune of their little companion in the home of this lady, kept wanting to go to the same house.

One gentleman said to me: "They are more docile than our Mexican children. If a little affection is shown them, one can make of them what one desires." But for the great pedagogs of the free Communist State there is only the rod. Apparently to arrive at being a free citizen one must pass childhood in slavery.

The physical surroundings were deplorable. The building was meant only for a day school and lacked the most indispensable facilities for a boarding school; absolute want of cleanliness and hygiene. There was a boy who had not bathed nor changed his clothes during two months, and this in the heat of Morelia. On one occasion a teacher surprised two children dousing their heads with gasoline with the intention of burning off their hair, because vermin gave them no peace.

For an infirmary, there was a large room with beds on which the sheets had not been changed in two months. On the occasion of our visit when we reached this room we found it locked. Finally, thanks to the authority of the person who came with me, it was opened for us. We found within some thirty children attended by two nurses. On seeing us, they all ran helter-skelter to get into their beds, or rather to throw themselves on top of them, for all were fully dressed even to their shoes. We had caught them *infraganti*. The nurses tried to excuse themselves by telling us that nothing could be done with such savages.

There were among the sick some twenty who were ill with such diseases as conjunctivitis, resulting from lack of hygiene and cleanliness. I was able to talk with a boy outside the infirmary who within four months had suffered with measles and lung trouble, and now had severe pains in the stomach, but he did not go to the infirmary because they had not even noticed it. In a hospital in Mexico City I saw two other girls with tuberculosis in an advanced stage, but in a short time they had them

out of the hospital and compelled them to live with the others, in certain danger of death, because in the hospital at the Capital there were some reactionary elements who were inciting them.

Sick and well had to sleep dressed, because on the following day it would be found that during the night various pieces of clothing had disappeared. This was the reason why so many went barefoot despite the fact that some sympathetic families of Morelia had outfitted them all with good shoes.

In the interest of demonstrating to me how well off the children found themselves, my guides showed me a magnificent room and other offices which "the Mexican Government had set aside for the children." Thus they sought to prove to me the sacrifices which the *españolitos* were costing the Mexican Government. To my ingenuous observation that those curtains seemed to be rather aged, they could only reply by acknowledging that they had belonged in former times to the Salesian Fathers. Could it be that all the expenses of the Mexican Government are of this character?

The diet was very insufficient. It was because of this that the children escaped frequently to private families in order to get something to eat. I submit one very revealing detail. At first, the families brought sweets and other foods to be given to the children. But these presents did not appear on the table of the children but on that of the administrative personnel; for this reason the families left off sending these presents. For example, when passing through Cuba, the administrative personnel received more than 1,500 bottles of a well-known nutritious preparation. Only one child ever tasted it for the reason that he stole one of the bottles. In the course of a few days there appeared for sale in the shops of Morelia a number of these bottles, a product which up to then was almost unknown in this city.

However bad these material surroundings have been, they are nothing in comparison with the moral disintegration. The children went to class when it pleased them. A teacher told us: "The only class to which we compel them to go is that in which they are taught the International and Communist doctrines."

At a moment when I could separate myself from my guides, I was able to question a young girl of some fourteen years.

"How do they treat you?" The child, lowering her eyes, kept silence.

"It seems that you are not happy. Do not be afraid to be frank," I added trying to inspire her with great confidence. Finally in a low voice she said to me: "How could one be happy among such people?" And with eyes wet with tears she described how, during the crossing from Spain, she had to gather up her two small brothers and carry them to the hold of the ship to prevent their seeing the excesses and sexual abuses which the sailors committed on the deck with the other young girls on board.

I had occasion to talk with several other children. All were longing for the moment of return to see their parents. I encountered only a few of

the older girls who were content. My guides explained to me: "You understand that these are very satisfied; each one has a beau." It was not necessary to have it explained to me. The appearance of some of them was all too eloquent for them to hide the way by which they had been led. How can morality flourish placed in hands such as these? We have no desire to descend, even if we could, to specific details. It suffices to say that the greater part of the personnel was from the lowest depths of the society of Morelia, a class notorious for its bad reputation.

We met a young boy in the street. He was one of the *españolitos*. On seeing one of my guides he ran up to us and beginning to weep, said to him: "Mr. X, I cannot stand it any longer. I cannot stand being in the hands of thieves."

"But, man, don't say that!" I said to him.

"Why shouldn't I say it?" And he began to prove his assertion in a series of confused proofs. "Families order things for us, and they are kept by them. The Government has forbidden any of us in the Institution to go out . . . and they feed daily more than fifty persons. We are forbidden to go out to eat and they make it easy for us to escape in order that they can save on our food . . ." This litany went on at length before my guides could interrupt him, a magnificent apology for Communist pedagogy and philanthropy. All these assertions of the boy I was able to verify afterwards.

When our visit was at an end we met one of the distinguished Reds of Morelia who questioned me: "What is your impression?" My state of mind was such that I could not repress the sincere remark: "Very bad." And to my astonishment, my questioner, shaking his head, added: "Yes, a disaster." I assured him that if we had here the Salesian Fathers who had educated us, a couple of Fathers to keep order among all these poor boys . . . but the people in charge were entirely incapable.

But why comment further? There are things which explain themselves. Many crimes have been committed in this war in Spain, but compared to this they are as little or nothing. The effect of this visit to Morelia was absolutely terrifying. It is that behind the lack of conscience towards these children can be discovered the calculated satanic tactics which are effecting a horrible crime. Horrible is the crime which snatches from mothers their children against their will. It is a horrible crime to snatch the citizen from his country; from the man his conscience, from the Christian his Faith, from the youth the possibility of creating a future, from the young girl her honor. All this has been done with the stroke of a pen by the Communist Government of Barcelona.

The majority of the children in Morelia are not orphans. Many have been seized out of Catholic homes. It is planned to uproot in them everything genuinely Spanish, to substitute the exotic and the Russian. They are being forced to repeat, although it may be mechanically, the most terrible blasphemies, and they are abandoned to their lowest instincts, so as to make it impossible for them to

become honorable men. Still more, girls have been raped of their virginity and their honor.

This is the appalling tragedy of these poor little children, delicate souls, noble beings capable of emulating Saint Ferdinand, the Great Captain, Saint Ignatius, Saint Teresa. But if Communism continues to develop its whole plan, it will form a group of idealogues whom their Fatherland and

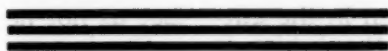
their families can only disavow and even repudiate.

Truly, the greatest tragedy which can be conceived: without wishing it, to be degraded to the dregs of society and a reproach to their family. This is the future which awaits the little children of Morelia, if they are not to be rescued in time from the savage beasts into whose clutches they have fallen.

PATIENT IN FORTY-SIX AT BABSON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

Instruction on how to meet Mrs. Nolan

LEONARD FEENEY, S.J.



IF you wish to meet Mrs. Nolan, you must go to the Babson Memorial Hospital between the hours either of ten and eleven in the morning, or of three and five in the afternoon. I suggest that you go in the afternoon: first, because the visiting period is longer, and, second, because Mrs. Nolan's windows have a westward exposure, and—supposing it to be a pleasant day—her room will be filled with sunlight when you enter. For although it is a delightful experience to meet Mrs. Nolan at any time of day, I am in favor of your seeing her for the first time when she is at her best, which is between the hours of three and five, when her bedroom is brightest, when there are flowers on her medicine table, and when the nurse has just finished grooming her for afternoon callers.

Mrs. Nolan is a young woman, only twenty-eight years of age, but is afflicted with spinal trouble. A dozen doctors have examined her but none has been able to declare just what sort of spinal trouble it is; not even two medical specialists who were imported from a great distance and remunerated with extravagant fees for not being sure that Mrs. Nolan is not suffering from *Paraplegic Syringomyelia*. Following this examination, which was long and painful, Mrs. Nolan collapsed, and it was feared for a few hours that she would die; whereupon her confessor was summoned, and he successfully absolved in Latin her who had failed to be successfully diagnosed in Greek.

But I am presenting Mrs. Nolan to you altogether too abruptly. Although you are meeting her now only in your imagination, I insist that you suppose yourself going through the preliminary annoyance

of trying to get to Babson Memorial Hospital by trolley-car, on a hot summer's day.

First, I should like to have you stand in Central Subway Station for twenty-five minutes, waiting for a car marked *Upsala Street*. Central Subway Station in mid-July is a perfect oven; and while you are walking up and down the platform, mopping the sweat-band of your hat, and having plush collisions with fat persons (who seem always attracted to the most congested areas during a heat wave), you may amuse yourself by speculating on the correct pronunciation of Upsala Street. Has it second-syllable emphasis like La Scala, umbrella, vanilla? One would think so. But no. The trolley starter who calls out the names of the cars as they swing around the loop into Central Subway Station, is indignantly in favor of giving "Upsala" a violent stress on the antepenult. "UPS-ala!" he shouts, as though he were urging a Japanese balancing artist to take a jump, or saluting with a hiccup the sacred prophet of the Mohammedans.

When you board the Upsala Street car, you will be sure not to find a seat. A crowd of expert rushers, shovers and elbowers will have managed to get all the vacant places ahead of you. Avail yourself immediately of the leather straps which are supplied for the support of the standing passengers. I advise you to get hold of two of these straps, one for each hand, because the journey is long (three-quarters of an hour), and the day (remember) is hot. You can make the trip seem less tiresome by looking down with pity on the seated passengers, rigid, tight, uncomfortable, who may not sway to and fro as you do on your leather

trapeze. Or, if you prefer diversions which are on a level with your eyes, the Upsala Street car contains some tenderly solicitous advertisements concerning throat ailments, a splendid lithograph of a tomato, and an incontrovertible argument in behalf of floating soap.

You get off the Upsala Street car at Harrison Square; and if you cross directly in front of the car before it starts again, you will be standing beside the open-air pulpit of a traffic policeman. "Where is Babson Memorial Hospital?" you will say to him, or words to that effect. He will not answer you. He is a pointing policeman. He will point up the hill at your right. "Thank you" you say; and as you proceed to follow the conjectured direction of his index finger, a motor truck will almost knock you down in mid-street, because you will have made the mistake of thinking that, having just spoken to a policeman, you were entitled to cross to the sidewalk before the traffic lights changed color.

The sullen policeman will quickly become articulate upon his whistle; but there will be no sense in trying to go back to him again. Instead, some magnificent profanity on the part of the truck-driver will speed you to the curbstone, and several of the bystanders will giggle. One of them will kindly retrieve your straw hat, which has fallen in the gutter; and while you are attempting to thank him, it will be well to ask again: "Where is Babson Memorial Hospital?" "Right at the top of the hill" he will answer; "This is Highland Street—the hospital is right at the top of the hill." (It is so nice to have directions repeated twice; and it is so vulgar to point.)

You are now on Highland Street, climbing the hill, very tired and very nervous, for you have not as yet met Mrs. Nolan, and you have no idea how much she is going to refresh you after all this weariness. On your way up the hill a small dog will run up and sniff you and bark gently. Your humiliations thus far have made your brain so bewildered that you will be tempted to stoop and pat the dog and ask: "Am I right? Is this really the way to the hospital?" He is a friendly little animal, and will know how you are suffering, and will seem to tell you with his tail that you are on the right road at last.

Babson Memorial Hospital is a non-sectarian institution, excellently constructed, clean, airy, efficient—defective only in the quality of its architecture. Mr. Babson, when he lived, was one of those vague, though not unlovable, Christians called philanthropists, who believe that suffering is very bad for people and leave money in their wills in order to have it exterminated. All diseases, Mr. Babson maintained, could be done away with if folks would only take themselves in hand, cooperate with the hygienists, get enough fresh air. The idea of some form of sickness being inevitable to human nature he scouted most vigorously. He himself had lived to the ripe age of seventy-nine without an ill or an ache. Why couldn't everyone? And as for appendicitis, that mainstay of hospitals, and in its heyday when Mr. Babson died, he had dreams

of a time when science might grow babies who had no appendices, just as Burbank had grown oranges which had no seeds. It might even have been a fond hope of his that one of the first sans-appendix infants might see the light of day in one of the B. M. H. delivery rooms, and be promptly opened, inspected, affidavited, and reported by telegraph to the American Medical Association.

Mr. Babson was a kindly man, but there was no nonsense about him. He had a horror of incurables. He wanted people who insisted on getting sick to get well, and get well quickly. If this purpose could be achieved, he was willing to treat them generously, solicitously, antiseptically, within the walls of an institution which he had erected as a perpetual monument to his own good health. With such a motive behind it, it is not strange that Babson Memorial Hospital failed to achieve a notable architecture. It always felt too sorry for itself for having had to be a hospital at all.

Upon entering the main corridor of the building you will go immediately to the information desk, behind which are: a) two bookkeepers drowsing over their charts; b) a telephone operator, with assiduous elbows, pulling electrical snakes out of a rack and pushing them head first into small electrical tunnels; and c) the hospital superintendent. Let us not neglect the hospital superintendent.

She is a woman of about forty, distinguished in bearing, but without a touch of warmth in her manner. She is dressed, half as nurse, half as laywoman, her main professional emphasis being a puckered white cap, shaped like an inverted teacup and circumferenced at the bottom with a strip of black velvet. She has squirrel-grey eyes, and a sharply pointed nose that looks as though it felt very cold; and she continually purses her lips so as to seem always on the verge of expectorating a fruit pit.

When you first see the hospital superintendent she will be patrolling up and down behind the counter, obviously waiting for some problem to arise over which she may exercise her authority. Her air of proprietorship in the place makes one believe that she is more than an official: possibly a grandniece of Mr. Babson's, for the philanthropist died in 1919, and it would not be wrong to accuse him of having left his affairs in charge of his descendants. Furthermore, one feels it would be very much to his taste to know that the institution is now in charge of this ominous, germ-proof lady who might be counted on to perpetuate the Babson theory of illness: "an unnecessary, economic nuisance" (I quote from the old gentleman's address to the Kiwanis Club) "afflicting the thoughtless members of our community, and which ought to be got rid of as thoroughly and expeditiously as possible." (Loud applause, cheers, etc.)

If you happen to be a Catholic priest (and I hope for the moment you are not), your first encounter with Miss (?) Babson (?) will not be pleasant. She does not like Catholic priests. Doesn't she? Or am I too sensitive on this point? Why do I seem to be able to tell whenever anyone looks at me whether or not they have aversions for my religion

and profession? I am not good at suffering for the Faith. I thrive on affection, and can never cope with a smoldering enemy. When I am disliked I lose all powers of social intercourse. Interruptions occur in my digestion. I become rigid, cautious, frightened, ungrammatical.

If you happen not only to be a Catholic priest, but are, in addition to that, a coward, you will resort to a subterfuge when the hospital superintendent approaches you with that machine-gun look in her eye. In order not to be shot down in cold blood, you will try to pretend by your manner that you are some sort of Evangelical minister. And how is this done? The method is twofold: feign deafness, and put on your pince-nez glasses. I have not the slightest notion why this formula works, but it does. I am not aware that the Protestant ministerhood is conspicuously deaf; I know many Catholic clergymen who are addicted to pince-nez glasses. But this juncture of afflictions will completely protect you against the hospital superintendent, especially if you embellish it with a cultured air of absent-mindedness and begin turning over the pages of the hospital register with the blithe insolence of a child.

"Can I help you?" the hospital superintendent will snap as she eyes with annoyance the liberties you are taking with the hospital register.

"I beg your pardon?" (Stop fiddling with the hospital register and put your hand behind your ear like a shell.)

"Do you wish to see one of the patients?"

"Yes it is. But it's nice and cool in here just the same."

"What is your business? What do you want?" (Her voice becomes refreshingly feminine when it is pitched high, and makes one believe that in her youth she may have taken singing lessons and have been a very charming little girl.)

"Is this the Babson Memorial Hospital?" (Remove your pince-nez glasses and begin to clean them.)

"Yes. Whom do you wish to see?"

"Oh, excuse me. I thought you were one of the nurses."

"One of the *nurses*? I . . . am the hospital . . . superintendent!"

This last statement, dictatorially enunciated, has reminded her that if she lets this situation get out of hand, it will hurt her prestige before the rest of the personnel at the information desk. Whereupon, she wheels about and says sharply to the telephone operator: "Miss Lyons! Take charge of him, please; and find out his business here!"; and then clicks her heels and disappears defiantly into an adjoining room.

The telephone operator now takes "him" in hand and approaches smilingly.

"Can I help you, Father?" (Disguises henceforth will be useless. There is a kinship of spirit between Catholics and an almost instantaneous recognition. There is not the slightest danger of your being mistaken by Miss Lyons. You might as well make the sign of the cross and give yourself away.)

"May I see Mrs. Nolan, please?"

"Certainly, Father. She is on the fourth floor, room number forty-six."

"Thank you. And by the way—is that lady's name Miss Babson?"

"No, her name is Miss Fussfield." And, in a whisper: "She's a Ku-Kluxer, Father, if you ask me."

"I see." (It's marvelous how you can hear whispers when you want to.)

On your way up to Mrs. Nolan's room you will have no trouble with the elevator boy.

As you alight from the elevator and walk quietly along the fourth corridor, you will pass a pantry out of which will come floating a nurse, appareled like a white butterfly. She is not Mrs. Nolan's nurse—Mrs. Nolan's nurse is absent for the moment, having gone to the supply room for bandages and other paraphernalia—but she will be glad to confirm your remembrance that number forty-six is the room you are seeking.

Mrs. Nolan's door is open. Evidently she has been prepared for visitors. Stealthily you approach the threshold and look in.

Your first reaction to Mrs. Nolan's predicament will be one of horror. Everyone is, somehow, frightensome in a hospital. We wear our bodies so lightly when we are in good health that we often fail to notice what grotesque substances they are, until we see one like this, stretched on a bed and dejected with a disease. For what could be more grotesque than an exhausted animal with long hair . . . five feet eight inches in length . . . partially paralyzed in its movements . . . wrapped in sheets and propped upon a pillow . . . the daily subject of experiment by puzzled doctors who are endeavoring to correct defects on its mechanism and overcome poisons secreted in its chemistry?

Can this wretched object be Mrs. Nolan, whom one has been anticipating so eagerly? Has this tragic makeshift the power to laugh, sing, dream, pray? Does it possess qualities like intelligence, innocence, patience, reverence, resignation? Is it conscious of Mrs. Nolan's personality, and does it answer to her name?

Look! Those light-blue mirrors under its forehead have unveiled and are regarding you with attention. Those delicately structured instruments at the ends of its arms are beckoning. Those waxen features are achieving a unity, assuming an expression, asserting their spirituality. Some mysterious lightning has flamed behind that oval mask and suffused it with a sudden loveliness. Thought—abstract, angelic, undimensioned—has taken place inside that gracefully turning head. It opens its mouth. It speaks.

"Good afternoon!"

"Good afternoon!"

"Won't you come in?"

"Certainly."

(There is a pause.)

"Are you Mrs. Nolan?"

"Yes, I am."

Let the materialists take this miracle to their laboratories and solve it as they may.

THE LABOR PICKET

SOONER or later, but preferably sooner, this business of picketing must be cleared up. In its original form, picketing was a device used by employees to inform the public that their employer had been guilty of some unfair practice, and that he continued in his iniquity. Instead of publishing this iniquity in the press, the complaining employees would gather about their place of employment, and either standing at attention, or marching up and down, would advertise their grievances.

Picketing of this kind is wholly legal, and has been repeatedly upheld by the courts. Denial would be a ban on the right of free speech. But it has also been held by the courts that men engaged in picketing must not disturb the public peace by any form of violence.

For some time pickets have shown a disposition to rely upon one part of these judicial decisions, and to disregard the other. A picket is not permitted, for instance, to prevent a prospective purchaser from entering the shop or factory, but frequently he does. He may request the customer not to enter, or offer reasons why he should take his trade elsewhere, but should the argument fail, or the request be rejected, he must step aside. Briefly, while his right to picket may not be denied, he may not deny the public its right to disregard the picketing.

Apart from the civil law, the picket is further bound by moral considerations. Thus he may not represent himself as an employe of a firm, when in fact he is not, nor may he inform the public that a strike is in progress when he is merely trying to precipitate a strike, nor may he bar the actual employes from access to their place of business. Surely these obligations are plain, yet they are frequently disregarded by pickets. In many of these cases, unfortunately, the complaints of the employer are disregarded by the police, and the tax-paying employer, whose relations with his employes may be of the best, is forced to submit to this oppression.

The wise union will discountenance this type of picketing and, of course, every form of picketing which relies on physical violence, for the same reason that it will order a strike only as a last resource. To begin with, it is immoral, and to end with, it does not pay. The public is now quick to distinguish between lawful picketing and picketing which, if it does not violate statute law, is carried on by fraud and injustice. In New York, where picketing is said to have become a regular avocation with some, customers have been known to search out a picketed shop for their purchases. They have observed so many instances of unfair picketing that they tend to vest a picketed shop with some special virtue.

They occasionally err in this judgment, no doubt, but it seems to us that the labor union which places much reliance on this form of easily-abused argument is in greater error. "Rights," as Leo XIII has written, "must be respected wherever they are found."

CENSORSHIP

THE German press which hailed the Minton bill for the regulation of the press as another step to a higher civilization rejoiced prematurely. The bill has been withdrawn, and we are assured that the Senator never meant to urge it. He introduced it only as a salutary warning. The American newspaper certainly needs a warning, for its sins against veracity and good taste are flagrant, but the warning, for many reasons, cannot come from Congress. One reason is that, at least theoretically, the Constitution, along with the First Amendment, is still the supreme law of the land.

LOVE'S YOUNG

JUNE, the poets affirm, is the month of roses. It is also, we believe, a popular month for marriages, and next week the public offices will be crowded with couples asking the way to the marriage-license bureau. Some of these couples are Catholics, and some of them are "mixed." The phrase does not refer to their mental state (since most young people in their situation are in a mental condition which may not unfittedly be described as "mixed") but to difference between the two in religious belief. Sometimes we wonder whether these mixed couples have sought the parish priest with the same eagerness they now hunt down the licensing clerk.

For this affair of marriage is not a matter of roses and Lohengrin and love's young dream. Conceived of in those terms, it is more likely to turn out to be love's nightmare; especially when one of the parties is not a Catholic. For under the best of circumstances, the Church does not approve mixed marriages. She merely tolerates them. That most learned Pope, Benedict XIV, calls them *detestabilia connubia*, "detestable marriage yokes," while Leo XIII has written *abhorrendum est ab huiusmodi coniugiis*, "marriages of this sort are to be abhorred." Pius XI merely continues the teaching of the Church when in the Encyclical *On Christian Marriage* he tells us that "those who rashly contract a mixed marriage frequently put their own salvation in danger."

True, the Pope writes "rashly," but every mixed marriage is at least a venture in rash-

FEDERAL ART

IN thirty months the Government workers have foisted on the city of New York alone 1,142 statues, 6,335 paintings, and 24,735 prints. We do not know whether the Government began this project to give bread to the needy, or art to New York; but if the latter, it has failed. Senator Pepper and Representative Coffey can find no argument in the New York monstrosities for their "Federal Bureau of Fine Arts," supported by a liberal annual appropriation. Governments can build roads and ditches to order, but as Napoleon at last learned, they cannot create art to order.

YOUNG DREAM

ness. The well-grounded in religion may keep their heads in the storms that follow, but too often even they are swept away into bitter and almost incessant recrimination, or into religious indifference. It is quite true that a "mixed marriage" may be "happy," that the non-Catholic spouse may later become a Catholic, that there will be children who will be educated in Catholic schools. But this is the exception, and, we are inclined to think, the rare exception. Ordinarily mixed marriages are traced in unhappy homes, in homes broken by divorce, in alleged homes in which there are no children, or children who grow up without religious training.

Making every allowance, the mixed marriage is a contract that promises good neither to the parties concerned, nor to their children. That is why the Church enacts laws against them, and dispenses from these laws reluctantly and only for grave reason. The dispensation does not, of course, imply approval. It simply means that in a particular case the marriage may be tolerated. Still less is the dispensation a guarantee that the religious welfare of the Catholic party will suffer no harm.

Parents and all who have charge of young people cannot begin too soon to teach the doctrine of the Church on marriage. It is not enough merely to warn them against mixed marriages, although this warning must certainly not be omitted. The chief insistence should be upon the holiness and the peace of a truly Christian marriage.

WAGES AND HOURS

WHEN men and women can toil faithfully and competently for the greater part of their lives, and at the age of sixty find themselves objects of charity, it is obvious that something is seriously wrong in the economic framework of the country. Not every faithful and competent worker finds himself in this plight, but statistics which reflect reality show that a majority must spend their old age as the recipients of public or of private relief. What is more appalling, some fail to receive even this dole. In this, the wealthiest country in the world, it is not uncommon to read of old people who creep away to die of starvation, or who, goaded by despair, end their lives.

Since its inauguration, this Review has pleaded for justice for the wage-earner. In season and out, it has advocated a more equitable distribution of the wealth of the country. Long before the leaders of our new political dispensation had attained the public place and notice which they now enjoy, it condemned the rapacious capitalism which forced millions of our people into misery, and preached the obligation of the civil authorities, State and Federal, to use the great powers in their hands to check the insolence of capitalism and to insure the rights of the wage-earner.

Justice for the worker is no new theme in these pages. We advocated the living-wage, the right of workers to organize for their protection, and the duty of the state to control wealth in the interests of the common good, at a time when these themes were not popular. In past decades, even many Catholics, misreading the Labor Encyclical of Leo XIII, were inclined to regard these necessary reforms as mildly or even as openly "socialistic," a condemnation which the efforts of such men as Monsignor Ryan, of the Catholic University, Joseph Husslein, S.J., of this Review, and the late Bishop Muldoon, of Rockford, did not wholly succeed in dissipating.

For these and other reasons, we were disposed to look with favor upon the move in Congress to inaugurate a scheme to fix hours and wages for the worker. Whatever the Federal Government can do to remove a national economic scandal, it is obliged to do. At the same time, we did not share the optimism of those who seemed to hold that an economic problem which has oppressed the country ever since the rise of the machine age, could be solved overnight by an Act of Congress. Social and economic difficulties are not so easily dissipated. Still, it appeared possible that Congress, using its undoubted authority over inter-State commerce and over all commerce which substantially affects the flow of inter-State commerce, might lay the foundation of a new and equitable nation-wide economic policy.

Our hopes have been disappointed. From the outset the wage-and-hours bill has been made a political football. Congress has not been able to view the problem in its national aspects for the simple reason that political blocs have sought to use the bill to promote industrial interests in their own

sections of the country, and to destroy similar interests in others. Some members, genuinely interested in reform, have been unable to see the wisdom of a bill which could not add an amendment without incurring the hostility either of John L. Lewis or of William Green, and a still larger number were aghast at the prospect of the new powers to be placed in the hands of a Secretary of Labor whose grasp of the difficulties involved in the plan is at least questionable.

Within the last few weeks, the bill seems to have been considered solely in the light of the effect it might have upon the Congressional elections. Unless his plans are incorporated in the bill, Senator Harrison, of Mississippi, has said, "Congress will be here until August." Less outspoken in his public statements, another Southern leader, Congressman Rayburn, of Texas, appears to share the attitude of Senator Harrison. When politicians fall afoul of one another, labor's interests will not be considered. While we admit the tremendous difficulties inherent in any plan to put a floor under wages and a ceiling over hours, it does seem to us that Congress could have done far more than it will probably do before this stormy session ends.

We are well aware that we are old-fashioned, and our flesh does not creep when we are styled reactionary, but it is our opinion that Congress alone can never pass a satisfactory wage-and-hours bill. There are forty-eight States in the Union, forty-eight administrators of powers, forty-eight Governments supreme in their own spheres. It may take time to enlist the cooperation and the support of these units of local government, but without that cooperation and support every Federal wage-and-hours bill will end, as far as the wage-earner is concerned, in dismal failure.

FIGHT THE CAUSE

LET me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments, writes Shakespeare. Well might our States, especially at this time of what resembles hysteria over the prevalence of social disease, follow this advice. Impediments to marriage should be established only after positive evidence shows that it is necessary to establish them. Otherwise many will be unjustly deprived of their natural right to marry.

A dispatch from the Mayo Hospital gives food for reflection. According to Dr. Paul A. Leary, head of the dermatology section of that institution, State laws which prohibit individuals with a positive Wasserman reaction from marrying "do an injustice to the individual and the community." The test is too uncertain, thinks Dr. Leary, and "no law can be written on the basis of present medical knowledge which would attain the goal sought."

Physical well-being is desirable, but more desirable is moral well-being. In our opinion, the best way of striking at the prevalence of disease resultant upon immorality is to fight the cause not the effect. One school which teaches religion and morality is worth a thousand medical clinics.

IN HIS NAME

MORE than once in our musings on the Sunday Gospels we have probably discovered that while we "believe" whatever Our Blessed Lord has said, we do not always take it very seriously. The Gospel teaching may have been generally applicable in the past, we think, or it may now apply to certain of our neighbors, but as for ourselves it does not mean very much. To the truth enunciated by Our Lord we give what Newman has called a "notional," as contrasted with a "real" assent. We accept it just as we accept the fact that two plus two make four, but it has no greater influence in our spiritual lives than this simple mathematical truth.

Here we find one of the many differences between the Saints and ourselves. They take the Gospel seriously, and we do not! They believe that Our Blessed Lord meant exactly what He said, and His teaching becomes part of their very lives. We accept His words with indifference, or even with reservations. Usually we are shocked to find ourselves in this mood, and that is salutary. Our progress toward that sanctity to which every follower of Jesus is called, depends very largely upon our ability to shock ourselves frequently, and thus stimulate ourselves to follow without faltering the path He has traced for us.

Tomorrow's Gospel (Saint John, xvi, 23-30) will furnish us with a subject which may be shocking in this salutary sense. Our Lord tells us that if we ask the Father anything in His Name, the Father will give it. He prefaces this promise with the solemn words "amen, amen," and adds: "Ask and you shall receive that your joy may be made full." Let us put the blunt question to ourselves: "Do we believe Our Lord's promise?"

Before we reach a truthful answer, we shall in all probability have learned something new not only about the prayer of petition, but about ourselves. With some of us prayer is a kind of release to which we turn, almost despondently, after our efforts to extricate ourselves from some spiritual or temporal difficulty have failed. We do not hope much from it. We pray only because there seems to be nothing else to do. We do not pray with confidence, but only because prayer seems to be demanded as a sort of form, consoling for the moment, perhaps, but not of real value. This is not prayer; and it may be but a kind of self-indulgence.

Certainly, let us use every legitimate means to aid us in trials of body or of soul. But the first step should be to turn to God and remind Him of the words of His Son. We can tell God that we realize how very little sense we have, but that it does seem to us that a change is needed. Then let us ask Him, in the Name of Jesus Christ, to help us. We cannot be too simple, too straightforward, in our prayers of petition, but our prayers should be shot through with confidence, humility, faith and a realization that after all God knows better than we know what is good for us. And always let us be sure of one thing. Whether God gives the boon we ask, or in His goodness withholds it, no prayer of that kind ever goes unanswered.

CHRONICLE

THE ADMINISTRATION. Secretary Hull denied reports that R. Walton Moore, State Department Counselor, had initiated the neutrality policy of the United States, declared responsibility for that policy rested upon President Roosevelt and himself. Radical influences in the nation, in their efforts to aid the Spanish Reds, have been stigmatizing certain of Secretary Hull's aides as pro-fascist, because the latter were lukewarm about lifting the embargo on arms to the Spanish Marxmen. The Secretary vigorously denounced these charges. He demonstrated that shipments of munitions to Germany were legal, that none of the war material sent to Germany had been transshipped to Spain. . . . Acting Budget Director Bell revealed that the Administration's spending program may create an estimated 1939 deficit of more than three and one-half billion. This will be the sixth consecutive deficit of the Administration. . . . Secretary Ickes halted the sale of helium to Germany, claiming 2,000,000 cubic feet of it would be of "military importance." Helium, of which the United States possesses a monopoly, is the only safe gas for dirigibles. Dr. Eckener, pioneer in lighter-than-air craft, said he feared the Ickes action meant a death sentence for commercial dirigibles, which he had hoped would create a "new and safe means of transportation for the benefit of mankind."

- - -

THE CONGRESS. The Administration's \$5,300,000,000 tax bill, altered by Senate and House, went to the President for signature. . . . 218 Representatives signed the petition which forced the Wages and Hours Bill to the floor of the House for consideration. The Bill had been blocked by the Rules Committee. . . . The Senate tacked on an amendment to the proposed new Merchant Marine Act, which sets up a board to stabilize labor in the maritime field. The board was given only limited powers. . . . A House Bill requiring aliens resident in the United States and engaged, directly or indirectly, in propaganda work to register was reported favorably by the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee. Under the measure the aliens would have to reveal their employers and their compensation. . . . Republicans decided to support the bill of Representative Bacon designed to put a curb on Administration spending, "to get relief out of politics." The funds would be distributed by nonpartisan Federal and State boards, and the States would be compelled to contribute twenty-five per cent of the relief grants. . . . The Roosevelt "pump-priming" bill, carrying \$2,519,425,000 was introduced into the House. It gives Mr. Roosevelt control of all expenditures. The House defeated the Bacon Bill and other proposed amendments, then passed the "pump-priming" measure, 329 to 70.

AT HOME. In what was described as the greatest propaganda drive since the World War, various radical groups brought pressure on the Administration to lift the embargo on arms for the Spanish Loyalists. The move was part of a world-wide, Russian-sponsored effort to relieve the desperate plight of the Barcelona Government. . . . Publisher Frank E. Gannett characterized the Senate Lobby Committee's investigation of a Midwest magazine as a "glaring example of Russian methods." Any newspaper, he said, which differs with the Administration could be given the same treatment. . . . A "Women's Rebellion" against governmental spending was launched in New York. . . . The Illinois Appellate Court ruled the sit-down strike with its seizure of property illegal and that the Wagner Labor Relations Act may not interfere with a State's right and duty to put down disorder.

- - -

BRAZIL. Brazilian Integralistas on May 11 staged a spectacular attempt to upset the Government of President Getulio Vargas and install their own. The rat-tat of machine guns awakened citizens of Rio de Janeiro as the rebels blazed away in the city streets. A substantial number of the Presidential palace guard joined in the revolt, tried to get at the President. Vargas with his family and supporters fought off the attackers until reinforcements arrived. Rebels attacked the Navy Ministry, the Treasury Building and other key spots. After spirited fighting, the revolt was crushed. . . . Last November President Vargas suspended the Brazilian constitution. He first seized the presidency in 1930 following his defeat at the polls.

- - -

ITALY. Mussolini brought the German Fuehrer to the Bay of Naples and there unveiled the might and efficiency of the new Italian navy. 190 ships participated in the demonstration, clearly proved Italy's emergence into front-rank naval power. Most of the ships were built since Mussolini came to office. . . . In Rome the Mussolini army goose-stepped past the impressed Hitler. . . . Climaxing the Hitler visit to Rome was the state banquet where Der Fuehrer and Il Duce pledged enduring friendship between themselves and their peoples. The new frontier between Italy and Germany at the Brenner Pass will be always respected, pledged Hitler. "It is my unshakable will and also my political testament to the German people," said Hitler, "to consider inviolate for all time the frontiers of the Alps erected between us by nature." . . . Hitler visited Sant' Angelo castle, gazed at nearby St. Peter's and the Vatican. . . . After viewing the power of the Italian air fleet, Hitler entrained for Germany. . . . The Rome-Berlin axis appeared

stronger than ever as the Chancellor's train crossed the German frontier. . . . The speech of United States Secretary of War Harry H. Woodring was regarded as "deliberately hostile and provocative to Italy."

- - -

GERMANY. A huge oversubscription impelled the Berlin Government to raise its 1,000,000,000-mark loan to 1,450,000,000 marks. The oversubscription coming at a time when confidence has fled from the French franc was regarded as a triumph. . . . Non-Nazi judges were removed from Austria's highest court. . . . The Berlin decree of April 28 ruling that Jews of all nationalities must declare their property holdings in Germany was protested by the United States Government. . . . Huge throngs hailed Hitler on his return from Rome.

- - -

FRANCE. The Paris Government fixed the minimum rate for the franc at 179 francs to the pound sterling, about 2.79 cents or 35.8 francs to the dollar. Premier Daladier's campaign to stabilize currency, bolster finances for French rearmament was encouraged by the return to the country of ten billion francs of fugitive capital. Daladier was struggling to increase production, relax the forty-hour week. . . . French Rightists paraded throughout France in Joan of Arc Day celebrations. Premier Daladier joined the Paris observances, stood before the statue of the Maid near the Louvre Palace. . . . The French liner, *Lafayette*, was burned.

- - -

RUSSIA. The Bolshevik regime launched a new persecution of clergymen. Orthodox, Baptist, Adventist pastors were mentioned in a number of Government-inspired accusations. . . . The captains of two steamers that collided and sank in the Caspian Sea were sentenced to death, accused of terrorism. The collision was "deliberately prepared terroristic action," the Soviet court ruled.

- - -

SPAIN. Franco brigades captured Portell, forty miles northwest of Castellon, attacked a Loyalist key position, Altos de Canada. . . . Heavy rains impeded operations. . . . The Portuguese Government officially recognized the Nationalist regime of Generalissimo Franco. . . . Franco now governs 140,000 square miles in Spain, the Loyalists 54,000 square miles in separated areas. . . . It was revealed 4,300 Americans had passed through the one port of Havre in France on their way to fight for the Reds in Spain.

- - -

SINO-JAPANESE WAR. With reinforcements pouring into their lines, Chinese forces battled fiercely with Japanese columns in the South Shantung and North Kiangsu war sectors. Japanese strove for control of the Lung-Hai Railway and a 150-mile stretch of the Tientsin-Pukow Railways. Around Suchow, junction of the two railroads, bristled 400,-

000 Chinese bayonets. As the conflict entered its eleventh month, the Japanese war machine met constantly increasing opposition. . . . Chinese guerrillas extended their activities over large sectors, raiding even the outskirts of Shanghai and Peiping. . . . The Japanese navy captured the port of Amoy, 600 miles south of Shanghai, a report said. . . . Japanese-controlled Chinese soldiers shot a Catholic priest and three Chinese nuns at Changlo.

- - -

GREAT BRITAIN. The House of Commons approved the treaty between England and Ireland. Winston Churchill attacked the measure, denouncing the surrender by England of the Irish ports, Cobh, Lough Swilly and Bere Haven. . . . In a by-election, the Labor party was successful, its second victory since the resignation of Anthony Eden. . . . The British Foreign Office, with French support, made representations to Germany and Czechoslovakia, urging peaceful solution of the Czech minority problems. . . .

- - -

FOOTNOTES. Czechoslovakia, replying to Poland's communication concerning anti-Polish activities by the Communist International in Prague, admitted the majority of the Polish representations, promised to take measures to end the Communist activities against Poland. . . . New immigration laws in Brazil place agrarian immigration on the preferred list, remove barriers previously raised against some European agrarian workers. . . . The British Government again demanded payment by Mexico of British claims. . . . The Bank for International Settlements in its annual report issued in Basle, Switzerland, declared spending a futile remedy for depression, cited the United States to prove it. . . . Former Premier Octavian Goga died in Rumania. . . . The Council of the League of Nations paved the way for member nations to recognize the Italian rule of Ethiopia. With only Bolivia, China, Russia, and New Zealand dissenting, the Council, composed of fourteen members, decreed: ". . . the great majority of members feel, despite regrets, that it is for individual members to decide as they choose." Sweden announced it would recognize the new Italian Empire. Many other nations were expected to follow. . . . Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Charles Evans Hughes, in a public address, called for the selection of judges qualified by "training, experience and temperament," asked quasi-judicial governmental agencies to conduct themselves in "the spirit of a just judge." . . . Lack of local relief funds caused alarming distress in Cleveland. . . . Mexican President Cárdenas proposed that United States and British oil companies handle sixty per cent of Mexican oil production for export over a definite period, with the understanding the companies make a certain percentage in profit to recompense them for the expropriations of their properties. . . . Arab opposition to the partition of Palestine was spreading. "Palestine Week" was observed in Iraq, Moslems devoting the week to protest against British policy in Palestine.

CORRESPONDENCE

PHILOSOPHY TEACHING

EDITOR: Dr. Pegis in his article in *AMERICA* (March 12) has seen fit to write a universal indictment of all our Catholic colleges, not merely in their teaching of philosophy but of the other subjects of the curriculum as well. His recent letter (April 23) makes no modification of this indictment but insists that the case is as he portrays it.

In reply to this I have two fundamental things to say: first, his indictment is entirely unwarranted by factual evidence; second, his charges of ignorance and incompetence hurled against the whole body of Catholic teachers of philosophy are founded neither in experience nor reason.

Facts are existing things which can be known only by experience. What all our Catholic colleges are teaching in philosophy can only be known by experience of them all. Dr. Pegis has not had experience of all our colleges. He does not know the facts in the case. I, too, have attended some sessions of the Catholic Philosophical Association within the last ten years as well as several sessions of the Eastern Division of the Jesuit Philosophical Association, and find no verification in my experience for his saying: "*Anyone* who has attended Catholic philosophical conventions during the last ten years is aware that the lack of a well-ordered body of philosophical ideas is the constant and unofficial business of *all* the delegates." This is another glittering generality.

Regarding the second point, the question of principle, I said in my former letter: "Philosophy is a form of apologetics, though indirectly, as is every subject in the curriculum of a Catholic college." I thought my meaning was clear from the context, but apparently it has been misunderstood. Let me amplify, and possibly clarify, this statement.

The teaching of philosophy as well as the teaching of every other subject in a Catholic college is a form of apologetics. The chief reason why the Church has been so insistent on having distinct Catholic colleges is precisely this, that her children may be taught the integrating principle of religion in every endeavor of human life. This is the very heart of the philosophy of Catholic education. Catholic colleges exist as separate institutions principally to teach the youth that science, literature, history and philosophy cannot be divorced entirely from revealed religion, to which they are essentially related in the unity of all truth. We do not, however, confound in our teaching the science of apologetics, in its narrower sense, with the science of philosophy, any more than we confound physics with cosmology. I know no teacher of philosophy in a Catholic college who has done that. Finally, the science of apologetics which demonstrates the credibility of Catholic dogma is itself a philosophical

science, since it is based on reason and experience.

To conclude my part in this discussion, I maintain that the truth of this whole matter is that the teaching of philosophy in our Catholic colleges, so far as I have known them, is fundamentally sound both in Scholastic doctrine and in educational principle. Defects there are, of course, but they are incidental, due to human frailty. They should be corrected but this correction will not come from any of the ideas of Dr. Pegis. He has built up a straw man who, he imagines, presides in our Catholic colleges as the professor of philosophy and then proceeds to bludgeon him with ambiguous phrases, unjustifiable universal statements, and confused half-truths.

Baltimore, Md.

JOSEPH F. BEGLAN, S.J.

EDITOR: Father Beglan continues to think that my charges concerning the status of philosophy in Catholic colleges are unwarranted, and that only incidental evils have beset our teaching. I must disagree with him on both points. More specifically, his position, in the light of his latest letter, is open to two criticisms, neither of which he has so far answered.

On the question of the apologetic function of Catholic colleges, two distinctions should have been observed: first, the distinction between the ultimate aims of Catholicism as a religion and the aims of Catholic higher education; second, a distinction between the end of Catholic higher education and the subordinate end of philosophy within that education. Father Beglan is confounding the reality of subordinate ends in order to achieve more ultimate ends. The ultimate aims of Catholicism are not the same as the subordinate aims of Catholic higher education. One can be saved without going to college.

Within the unity of the Catholic life there is a subordinate unity which centers around the training of the human intelligence. This subordinate unity must exist autonomously within its own order, or it will not exist at all. The fact that the unity of Catholic education is a religious one does not make the nature, the means and the purpose of philosophy any less rational within that unity. A theologian who pretends, as theologian, to enter the field of philosophy in order to clarify it is simply destroying reason under the guise of saving it. The theologian can use reason, but he must first know what reason is and how it proceeds, for therein consists its rationality.

The autonomy of the rational order, therefore, must be respected by the theologian. What the theologian does with reason and philosophy is a question that arises only after there is a reason and a philosophy to use. But the theologian's use of reason and the rational order does not constitute

philosophy. And on this account philosophy is not a form of apologetics, for apologetics does not exist until one adopts a theological point of view. This point of view cannot enter into the constitution of the philosophical order. In brief: just as it is wrong to divide in order to distinguish, so it is wrong to confuse in order to unify.

On the issue of fact which separates us, Father Beglan is under the impression that I have set up a straw man and am taking delight in demolishing him. But such a statement does not agree with the actual situation of philosophical teaching and philosophical knowledge in Catholic schools in this country. Of course, neither Father Beglan nor I can lay claims to knowing what is going on in all Catholic schools. But the results which Catholic schools have achieved and which are directly observable by all should be some index of their success. And I repeat my former assertion that we have in our midst neither a recognized body of philosophical knowledge nor recognized philosophers. Perhaps even the optimism of Father Beglan must ultimately face these facts.

New York, N. Y.

ANTON C. PEGIS

EASY PLAN

EDITOR: I appreciate that every line of AMERICA is of great value to its readers, and you may have a great amount of material of far greater importance than this. But may I bring to the attention of your thoughtful readers a real service which could easily be made available in any parish through a Catholic Reading Guild?

All that is required are a few bookshelves and a little zeal. In our parish we started one, and have been greatly surprised to have collected in two weeks, sixty books and thirty-six magazines. After Sunday Mass, two members of the congregation give out the books.

If Catholic Reading Guilds were more plentiful in country parishes, they would serve to give the Catholic point of view on all the problems of the day, and counteract the evil influence of Communistic and other low literature.

Rhinecliff, N. Y.

A SUBSCRIBER

EVOLUTION AGAIN

EDITOR: Many readers, I feel, are grateful to Charles William Philipps for his letter (AMERICA, March 5). It would have been regrettable if the article, *Evolution and not Genesis is the Myth for Moderns*, had been allowed to pass without comment. Father McGarry has not answered the difficulty created by his article. May I be permitted to offer a solution that seems to solve the problem?

Dr. John M. Cooper, recognized Catholic anthropologist, is authority for the statement that, while evolution is only a theory, "it is something more than a guess, something more than a pure speculation, something not bereft of all probability. The theory cannot be brushed aside with the wave

of the hand as if it were mere guess work or a baseless fancy. When this is done the biologist has a perfect right to object." Hence, it is clear, that the biologist has a perfect right to object to the caption of Father McGarry's article.

We are committed to the Adamic unity of the human race by our doctrines of Original Sin and Redemption. Any theory of evolution that attempts to trace the descent of man from a group rather than from a single pair can not be admitted. This is the type of evolution that Father McGarry discusses and refutes. But this is not the type of evolution for which there is any evidence, "for the loose hypothesis," writes Dr. Cooper, "occasionally ventured, that mankind is descended from a group rather than from a single pair there is no shred of scientific evidence nor is the scientific world troubling itself about it." It does not seem fair to make this unscientific hypothesis do service for evolution and demolish the theory by demolishing this hypothesis. Students of science are well aware that the evidence for evolution is stronger today than it was in the lifetime of Darwin.

New York, N. Y. (REV.) E. HAROLD SMITH

EDITOR: With many of the remarks of Father Smith I am entirely in agreement and indeed I put forth identical doctrines in an article on evolution which I wrote in AMERICA (April 24, 1937). That article contains a complete expression of the background of my article on January 29, 1938, concerning the Anglican Commission and its view of Genesis. On one point of Father Smith's letter, permit me to offer comment.

Father Cooper rightly says that "for the hypothesis that mankind is descended from a group rather than a single pair, there is no shred of scientific evidence." Very true. Father Cooper goes on to say that "the scientific world is not troubling itself about it." True also, but it seems to me that Catholics are aware that some trouble ought to be made about the fact of the single pair.

As I read authors who write on the evolution of man, many are one in three points: First, they omit to mention as of importance to the general information of a Christian public that Revelation has given mankind *extra-scientific* information on a point about which scientists are seeking scientific data. Second, they argue from *universal* factors operating in certain animals for a forward and upward thrust towards humankind; thus, without troubling to say that they are conceiving man's evolution as gregarious, they are in fact talking about the evolution of many first men from many animals. Third, they do not distinguish various sorts of evolution: for instance, astronomical, geological, plant and animal evolution have supports entirely better than what is put forward concerning man's body.

The solid structure is inferentially allowed to support more than its own edifice. Now inferior evolution is a matter purely scientific, since revelation gives no definite information on it; not so the origins of man which are not retailed to us in a mythical study, but in God's inspired narration.

Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM J. MCGARRY, S.J.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

THE LARGER LUNACY OF ALFRED ROSENBERG

HENRY WATTS

THERE is no special reason why my old friend Alfred Rosenberg should turn up in this gallery, though as an excuse it might be urged that as far back as his university days he was even then distinguished for turning up in the most unexpected and unlikely places. But Alfred has written a book, though that in itself is nothing exceptional. That book, however, he chose to call *Mythus des 20 Jahrhunderts*, or, as the Nordics would say, *The Myth of the Twentieth Century*; and as the myth which Alfred took upon himself to explode happened to be the Christian Religion, the Holy Office in Rome very promptly slapped Alfred's book on to the Index of Forbidden Books. And there it stays unto this day to witness if I lie—with handsome acknowledgments to Macaulay.

That is the reason, broadly speaking, why Catholics will never read my old friend Alfred's *The Myth of the Twentieth Century*. It is on the Index. There is, of course, always a remote chance of getting permission from your Bishop to read a book that is on the Index. But the Bishop, living by rule like the rest of us, must keep in line with the ruling of the Church. And the ruling of the Church is that permission to read forbidden books may be given only to serious students for serious purposes.

And that is where one is likely to come up against the snag. For it is plain as the nose on your face that your Bishop will see through the whole thing at once. No serious student for any serious purpose imaginable could ever want so desperately to read poor Alfred's *Myth of the Twentieth Century*, that he would go to the trouble of satisfying the strict, but perfectly reasonable, requirements of his Ordinary to get that permission. The Bishop would know at once that this was some sort of frivolous pretext to read a forbidden frivolous book, and the request undoubtedly would be refused.

So whichever way you look at it, the position seems that we shall never get lawful sight of the piece of literary lunacy which Alfred has perpetrated in his *Myth of the Twentieth Century*. The idiocy lies not so much in the downright attack on Christianity. After all, Christianity is assailable, though it is not vulnerable. A battleship

is assailable by a groundhog; but it is not vulnerable to the assault of the groundhog. And in the same way the Christian Religion is assailable—if it were not, the great apologetics of the Catholic Church would never have come into being. But the Christian Religion, claiming for its authenticity a Divine Revelation, is vulnerable only if that Revelation can be shown either to be false or never to have been given. The problem of giving a handle to this sort of thing was settled for all time by Saint Jerome in his Latin Vulgate: *Dixit insipiens in corde suo*—"the fool hath said in his heart." . . . And that brings us back to poor Alfred.

Since we are contemplating something that really is in the realm of psychopathic fantasy, let us imagine ourselves playing the part of a serious student, and that the Ordinary has been approached for permission to read this forbidden book. Stranger requests have been made in the history of mankind. The Bishop invites us to make a personal call at the rectory—it takes a very great deal to surprise a Catholic Bishop when it is a question of human vagaries! In imagination we enter the rectory house and are shown into the parlor with its red plush furnishings, furnishings as ubiquitous as the Faith itself.

After a brief wait, the door opens and the Bishop enters. And if we are at all alert, we might notice that the Bishop carries a book in his left hand. As the Bishop enters we kneel to kiss the episcopal ring, and are then invited to be seated. "My son," the Bishop may be imagined saying, "I have sent for you because you have made a request of me as the chief pastor of this diocese."

The reply is something like this: "Your Excellency, I asked permission to read *The Myth of the Twentieth Century* by Alfred Rosenberg. It is a forbidden book; it attacks the Christian Religion and as it is supposed to be essentially a textbook of religion for the young generation in Germany under the Nazi regime, I wish to give serious study to an attack of this kind on our religion."

The Bishop nods his head and smiles to himself. Then he may be imagined saying: "Very well, but before we go into that, I think you would be inter-

ested in hearing some passages from this book I have here in my hand."

Then he reads:

"The earlier powerful racial strength of Rome had been nearly exhausted in 400 years of democracy that led to the disintegration of the race. . . .

"...the principle of the elective Emperor arises . . . out of the feeling that blood could no longer be relied upon and that only personal selection could secure the preservation of the State. Marcus Aurelius—a Spaniard—was already weakened in his character by Christian influence. He, in fact, quite openly, raised into State principles the protection of slaves, the emancipation of women and State relief of the poor. He thus destroyed the only power which was still able to create a type, the strongest tradition of Rome: the rule of the *pater familias*."

"Now you will notice that three very imperative Catholic principles—the protection of slaves, the emancipation of women, and the relief of the poor—are spoken of as a factor of racial disintegration. You notice that the abhorrent power of the *pater familias* is spoken of as something regrettably lost. But I will read you some more:

"When Germanic man first entered into world history he kept away from philosophy altogether. But that which is most significant in his nature is the dynamic character of his physical and spiritual life, coupled of necessity with an antipathy against any kind of rigid monotheism and Church dogmatism such as later was forced upon him . . . by Rome."

"I hesitate to weary you," the Bishop continues, "but there is just one more passage I would like you to hear:

"Humanity, the all-embracing Church and the sovereign individual who have freed themselves from blood ties, no longer represent to us absolute values but doubtful or even perishing dogmas."

"Perhaps you have heard enough. You came to ask permission to read *The Myth of the Twentieth Century*. The passages I have just read to you, you may be interested to know, are from Dr. Rosenberg's book."

And as you stare agape at the Bishop, your mind awirl with this farrago of meaningless words, you pant out something like this: "Your Excellency, what you have just read sounds to me much like the rantings of a lunatic. Will you permit me to withdraw that application?" And down on your knees you go, you kiss the episcopal ring once more, and the Bishop's hand is raised over you in blessing. You are lucky to have got out of it so gracefully.

But that by no means finishes us with Alfred, who, after his own queer fashion, really seems to be quite serious about this new religion of his, which has nothing at all to do with religion, in the strictly religious sense, but is the worship of Race, jumbled up in an extraordinary grab-bag of misapplied philosophy, the whole of it being shoved into the shop window under the ticket of "Positive Christianity."

If your memory is at all good you may recall that not so very long ago Alfred put on his best brown shirt, and set out for the little Saxon town of Torgau-am-Elbe, for the purpose of "consecrating" a church as a center for the new National Socialist worship. Frivolous people, like the English-speaking nations and the volatile French, use this word

"consecrate" very freely. As the French might speak of "consecrating" an afternoon to such and such a purpose, or we ourselves might speak of devoting an afternoon to getting drunk, when devotion is very much out of our mind.

But there is no flippancy of this kind in the German language. When that language says *Einweihung*, it means something distinctly secular and devoid of any sort of religious significance. On the other hand *Weihe* means consecration in its most solemn and strictly religious sense, like the consecration of a church. So we may take it that when Rosenberg went to Torgau for the "consecration" (*Weihe*) of the Nazi church, with his swastika flags and other emblems of the cult, something more was intended than the usual buffoonery that is the usual accompaniment of the progresses of the *Kultur-Leiter* of Nazidom.

This Torgau affair was acclaimed in the Nazi press as an event unique in the history of Germany and of the National Socialist movement. It was, indeed, all of that. For the church at Torgau had been consecrated by a Catholic Bishop somewhere in the fifteenth century—the church actually was built in 1485. At the Reformation the town became Protestant, and all its churches were taken over by the new religion. Then the *Alltagskirche*, as it was called, fell into disrepute; for a time it was used as a warehouse, and later on put to still more profane uses. It has now fallen into the most melancholy degradation in its history.

It seems that the Nazi party wished to make an outstanding business of the Torgau exhibition of stupidity, and among other things decided upon was the retention of the pre-Reformation name of *Alltagskirche*. So when this unhappy, profaned temple of Catholic worship was sardonically "consecrated" by Rosenberg, among the showy items that were put on for that occasion was the performance of an oratorio of labor, specially composed in honor of the illustrious "consecrator." It is not at all unlikely that some spiritual eructation in the interior life of Alfred remained over to him at the Nuremberg congress, when he fatuously declared that: "The National Socialist Party is not only our political center; it is also the spiritual fatherland of our souls." Poor souls, indeed, that are obliged to follow into the pastures of Nazism, to nibble at the spiritual pabulum that grows out of the harsh soil of an arid racism!

Even in the bowels of friendship, it somehow comes hard to think of poor dear Alfred as anything more serious than a blundering buffoon. When his good friend Mr. Mussolini made the remark that without Rome, Christianity might have remained nothing more than a Syrian sect, Alfred became quite provoked. He boasted long and loudly that but for the Germans, Christianity would have amounted to no more than a paltry local Mediterranean affair. Then he committed himself to the silly remark that one should never say that it was through the Christian Religion that the German people became a civilized nation. And it is in these stubborn and blundering hands that the religious future of German youth has been placed.

BOOKS

"HE PRAYETH BEST WHO LOVETH BEST"

HEART TO HEART, A CARDINAL NEWMAN PRAYER BOOK.
Compiled from His Writings by Daniel M. O'Connell,
S.J. America Press. \$2

THERE have been dozens of digests of Newman and gists of Newman and "bests" of Newman. The present volume, if not literally the best in point of elegance, is certainly the most useful and the most fruitful for the Catholic soul.

Protestant tradition and also pro-Protestant tradition among Catholics has overemphasized Newman as an English stylist and as a casuist. These things Newman was. But the important thing about the holy soul of John Henry Newman was its tremendous and passionate love of God.

The best of Newman's works, even stylistically, are his sermons and his meditations; and it is from these very sermons and meditations that the present prayers are, for the most part, taken. The important Newman is not the Newman who confuted Kingsley; as "the hammer of heretics," the contemporary Lacordaire was perhaps even more effective. Newman, too, distinguished himself as a great patrologist; but Father Lagrange who died a few months ago was an even greater one.

English-reading people have not yet appreciated the exquisite childlikeness of the man. He has, when at his best, the soul-quality of a twelve-year old Irish girl, making her First Communion in her new white dress. Newman the scholar is the same Newman as Newman the God-smitten devotee to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Just as Saint Thomas is the Common Doctor of the Church, so Newman is the common leader-in-prayer for the English-speaking Catholic soul. Such of us as are converts have a special attachment to these heart-rending and soul-inspiring cries of thanks and petition. Arnold Lunn, another English convert, puts it all in the phrase, "outside it is the night." Newman's grand ejaculations are bright with this spirit of gratitude for being saved from the swamps of the "outside." And gratitude is the very glow and glory of prayer. Saint Augustine, still another convert, is full of this spirit of gratitude—the Newman-spirit—which, as all the Saints teach us, is more imperative than the careful and cautionary spirit.

The great Cardinal is represented in this little volume as the writer of simple English who, forgetting his "illative sense" couched elementary heart-cries in elementary diction. Father O'Connell has brought to us in compact form this sweet and forgotten Newman.

DAVID GORDON

FORGOTTEN HERITAGE IN EDUCATIONAL MAELSTROM

THE JESUIT CODE OF LIBERAL EDUCATION. By Allan P. Farrell, S.J., Ph.D. The Bruce Publishing Co. \$4.75

THE pathetic confusion of American educators today is due, in large measure, to ignorance of the past. Frequently stupid, often badly educated themselves, and in many cases blindly prejudiced against everything that is not new and *scientific*, our "educationalists" are cut off from the cultural heritage which should give them direction and inspiration. Although they profess their faith in the value of experience, they themselves refuse to examine or profit by the experience of centuries. They

make absurd mistakes because they do not know the same mistakes were made before. They solemnly proclaim age-old educational principles and methods as modern and revolutionary. Experiences, thoughts, ideas, activities, institutions and principles have continuity, and when the past is ignored or distorted the present cannot be understood.

There is grave need, then, among those who are in any way responsible for educational programs and policies to know the history of educational thought and practice and to assimilate the wisdom that tradition offers. Father Farrell's scholarly book is an important contribution toward satisfying this need. He presents the history of one of the great educational systems of the world during its course of 400 years. He describes the origin and development of the ideals, the principles and the methods of the Jesuit code of education.

Four centuries have passed since Ignatius of Loyola and nine of his friends—all priests and Masters of Arts—met in Rome at the end of Lent, 1538, and considered what was to be their way of life. Within a year they decided to organize themselves as a religious order, the Society of Jesus, to work "for the good of souls and the propagation of the faith . . . in particular through the instruction of children and the ignorant in Christian Doctrine." Ignatius was elected the first General of the Company.

Until 1546 the question of establishing colleges for young men outside the Order does not seem to have been discussed. In that year students who did not belong to the Order were invited to join the course in arts of Gandia, and some accepted. This was the first of the European Jesuit colleges to which secular students were admitted and in which Jesuits taught. Thereafter, the education of secular students became one of the chief works of the Society.

The college at Messina, opened in 1548, was the first fully constituted classical college opened by the Society. The methods of teaching were modeled on those of the University of Paris which Ignatius often referred to as "the mother of our first fathers." Two principles stand out among the provisions of his first college: all schooling was to be free, and the study of the classics was the foundation of the higher studies. Several of the other provisions which characterized the new college are also interesting to note: all the pupils were solidly trained in grammar, students were assigned to classes on the basis of their ability, progression from one subject to another was to be in a definite order, pupils were required to attend classes regularly, and a great number of exercises were prescribed to accompany the lessons.

The form and content of the *Ratio Studiorum* of 1586 are discussed in detail and the revisions of 1591 and 1599 are described and analyzed. The course of studies in the humanities and in philosophy has, perhaps, the greatest interest for the average reader. Father Farrell states that, "The conscious narrowing of the curriculum had its basis in the conviction that education's purpose was to preserve and hand down a cultural heritage. It also had its basis in the sound pedagogical principle of emphasizing a few primary branches of knowledge and of treating others as subordinate and accessory, that is, as contributing to a fuller understanding and mastery of the primary studies." The vernacular was cultivated in the class room as an integral part of the system.

The Jesuit colleges were democratic in the sense that they were free and open to all students who had ability and the time to attend school. Education was widespread and not limited to a single class nor a few communities. Activity, which today's "progressive" teachers think is their contribution to educational procedure, was the basis of much of the work in these colleges and the emphasis

was always on exercises and "learning by doing." The system provided for individual differences; provision was made for correcting each student's work in an individual conference and promotion from class to class was made according to individual progress.

The chapter on the *Ratio* and contemporary education indicates how the experience of the past can be applied to current educational problems. Catholic as well as non-Catholic educators who have departed from sound tradition might well respond to the suggestions given here.

The book contains a series of photostatic facsimiles of manuscripts and a translation of each of the manuscript pages. It also has a list of the colleges for secular students opened during the lifetime of Saint Ignatius. This list corrects the partial lists in such well-known works as those by Pastor and Schwickerath. In appended sections the principle of gratuity in Jesuit colleges and the question of Latin grammars are discussed at some length. The bibliography is complete and is arranged in a satisfactory form. The excellence in content, in organization, in style, and in format which characterizes this book is rarely found in a single work. RUTH BYRNS

CONTEMPORARY THINKERS AND THEIR PHILOSOPHY

MEN AND TENDENCIES. By E. I. Watkin. Sheed and Ward. \$3.50

USING as a background his own philosophy outlined in a former work, *Philosophy of Form*, the author examines contemporary thinkers and movements. After one has finished the reading, undertaken without any thought but that of a completely new book, one is not surprised to learn in the preface that many of the chapters had already appeared, chiefly in the *Dublin Review*. One may not therefore expect the unity and cohesion that should otherwise be expected even under such an elastic title as *Men and Tendencies*.

The personal sketches are in a lighter and less exacting mode than we have been accustomed to link with Mr. Watkin. They are rather unequal in merit and importance but all are illuminating and reflect the virile thinking of the author. His chapter on Santayana is particularly apt in its penetration and revelation of that esthetic admirer of, but renegade to, Christianity. How true this: "Santayana is content to look on the revelation of spirit as on a painted beauty, and is not aware, does not even desire to be aware, of a living Countenance."

The succeeding chapter on Peter Wuest—Dialectical Ideal Realism—in which the author's sympathies are most deeply evoked is perhaps the best in the book and will repay some of the same deep study Mr. Watkin has given the German Catholic's philosophy. But one misses in both the clarity and security of Thomism, and a re-examination by Mr. Watkin of Saint Thomas teaching on the *intellectus* and *ratio* would remove some of the obscurities of his intuitionism and give greater cohesion and strength to his own system that bears all the signs of deep thought, so palpably lacking in the men whose tendencies he examines.

However, while this is so, the reader of *Men and Tendencies* who has followed the author's examination of Marxism will be in admiration of his Dialectical Ideal Realism, manifesting the profound acumen of the philosopher. Mr. Watkin's extreme pacifist theories are known and his ideas on the sovereign state and its functions find rare contact with Scholasticism and Catholic thinkers. There is a sense in which a distinction should be made between the Society and the State, as the Holy Father states in *Quadragesimo Anno* on the economic and social question, but I doubt if it coincides with that of Mr. Watkin. He is so near right often and manifests such originality and virility always that one finds him provocative, rather tantalizing, a worthy champion to debate, but always stimulating. WILLIAM J. BENN

BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

BLACK AND BEAUTIFUL. By Marius Fortie. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$3.50

AFRICA is a country that offers abundant material for stories of adventure, but this African tale by Marius Fortie is different in that it is the personal point of view of a restless young man, who attempts to live as a native among the black Bantu tribes of East Africa in the days of the great Safaris at the beginning of the century. An orphaned Italian boy of nineteen, having become interested in the famed travels of Livingstone and Stanley, and yearning for an adventurous existence, he made his way to the east coast of Africa in 1901.

He enthusiastically describes his life among the various tribes of African Blacks in great detail and in an easy style that makes one wonder where and how he acquired his education in the English language. He must have spent a considerable time in study during the comparatively few years that he spent away from his beloved Africa. He casually mentions having been at Harvard for a few months in 1909. His very definite prejudice against all white foreigners and in favor of the blacks, is so marked that one is tempted to regard the tale more as fiction than as fact.

His purpose in writing the book is to promote a more sympathetic understanding of "his" people as he affectionately terms them, but with his peculiar code of morals, it is difficult to ascertain what good can possibly be accomplished. It is more an egotistical justification of his personal desires, than a disinterested picture of life among the Black Bantus. CATHERINE MURPHY

EARLY MAN. Edited by George Grant MacCurdy. J. P. Lippincott Co. \$5

IN March, 1937, many of the most renowned leaders in subjects palaeontological met at Philadelphia as guests of the Academy of Natural Sciences. The present volume, ably edited and beautifully printed, presents the addresses there delivered. Containing the mature deliberations of recognized authorities in their chosen fields, it does not offer easy reading for the non-specialist.

Evolution is quite the theme of the group, but one wonders whether any real advance in proof-finding has been made. It does not make for any kind of certainty in human palaeontology to find Sir Arthur Keith writing of the Tabun and Skhul remains ("Mount Carmel Man," p. 52): "It is no exaggeration to say that if these individuals had been found in different sites at different times, and each one described by a different anthropologist or anatomist, we should have had a corresponding number of fossil races."

Again, "Minnesota Man" is declared positively by Dr. Hrdlicka to be a Sioux (p. 103); and Pithecanthropus, the Erect Ape-Man of Java, is judged (p. 317) by his discoverer, Dr. Dubois, to be "not a man but a gigantic genus allied to the gibbons." This learned volume is worth much in summing up the exquisite little we actually know from palaeontology about so-called Early Man. FRANCIS P. LEBUFFE

RENOWN. By Frank O. Hough. Carrick and Evans. \$2.50

THE author has provided the better kind of historical novel and the more praise because of the added difficulty of handling a "hero" already etched in the popular mind: Benedict Arnold. To have written of one accepted as a traitor to his country's sacred cause, and to have shown as well as Mr. Hough does, that Arnold probably was subjectively sincere toward his country, was a large task. Mr. Hough is convincing, and yet, he does not "heroize" Arnold. *Renown* is of the better kind of historical novel, because in it are mingled by right proportions, the fact with the fictional treatment, plenty of action and the effect upon the reader: to keep turning pages, sorry for the last. ROBERT E. HOLLAND

ART

AS this issue of AMERICA goes to press, The Cloisters are being opened to the public. Perhaps many readers will be somewhat puzzled by this statement, since nationwide publicity has not been given to this new enterprise fostered by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. For many years Mr. George Grey Barnard devoted a good part of his time and means to making a collection of specimens of medieval sculpture. In 1925, Mr. Rockefeller gave to the Metropolitan Museum a sum of money to purchase Mr. Barnard's collection, which had been open to the public since 1914 under his ownership. During the last thirteen years plans have been perfected for housing it.

The museum has transferred to this collection a number of objects which have hitherto been housed in its own main building. All of these objects are now on view for the public in a new building, which is described as "The Cloisters," in Fort Tryon Park, upper Manhattan. The whole purpose has been to make a realistic setting in terms of medieval architecture for these medieval objects, so that those who see them may get some idea of the surroundings for which they were intended.

An excellent catalog has been prepared by the curator of The Cloisters, Mr. James J. Rorimer. Any resident or visitor to New York should not fail to take the time needed for an examination of this new museum, which represents the most elaborate attempt so far made to show objects of art in their natural surroundings.

For some reason, I always find myself depressed by a visit to a museum which makes use of this contemporary technique for showing objects of art. There is something excessively dessicated and completely dead about it. In his catalog Mr. Rorimer has this to say concerning the monastic orders: "Towards the end of the thirteenth century a general decline in monasticism set in, and by the time of the Reformation the institution had lost its great power." Of course, Mr. Rorimer is quite right, historically speaking, and if by "power" he means material wealth. But the institution of monasticism came through the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation revived with a power for spiritual influence very far from lost.

One has only to consider the influence of the Religious Orders upon mission activity, and upon such contemporary movements within the Church as the liturgical revival, to realize that although the great medieval foundations may have lost much of their endowment in material goods, they still exercise power in a very definite sense. Such institutions as The Cloisters tend to deny this within a framework of strict historical accuracy, and hence seem to confirm the popular notion that religion, and particularly Catholicism, are things of the past to which no educated modern mind can give acceptance. It is for this reason, I think, that a Catholic has a feeling of sadness when he visits a museum of art, particularly if it contains any large amount of religious art.

If there could be anything more completely of the past than the Romanesque chapel which forms a part of The Cloisters, I have yet to see it. Yet this is not only not a chapel; it is almost sacrilegious—it does violence to one's Christian emotions—even to think that it ever could be a chapel, it is so bare and austere, and so much an expression of good taste rather than of living spirit.

In spite of all this, I repeat that one should steel oneself to visit The Cloisters, if only because it may give some inkling of what fine things a vital religious art was able to produce in another civilization than ours, and, by consequence, what our own religious art might be if it can be divorced from the atmosphere of artificiality with which it has been surrounded, and can genuinely become an expression of Christian life.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE

THEATRE

WASHINGTON JITTERS. The audiences in the Guild Theatre, who are watching *Washington Jitters* these nights, are finding the new play both interesting and amusing. That is a point to remember, when one hears criticisms of it. These claim that it is not a big play; that it has serious faults; that its gibing at our lawmakers is too fantastic. All this is true, but there are various answers. The first is that audiences like *Washington Jitters* very much indeed; and all the other answers are that if the Guild's preceding plays this season had been as good, the Guild would have had a successful year. For *Washington Jitters* is gay, light-hearted, amusing entertainment—and we old subscribers have not had very much of that lately on the Guild Theatre's stage.

It should be mentioned without more delay that the comedy is an extra for subscribers, because of the failure to put on last year a promised production of *Jane Eyre*, and that it is written by John Boruff and Walter Hart and admirably acted by the Actors' Repertory Company, which has already produced several striking plays, including *Bury the Dead* and *Two Hundred Were Chosen*.

The authors of *Washington Jitters* have turned an amused and lenient eye on the goings-on in our National Capital, have found them diverting, and have shown them up as they saw them. Their hero is a sign-painter. Dropping into an empty government office he sits down at a desk labeled "coordinator," to wait for his sweetheart, a stenographer. He is pounced upon and interviewed by a radio commentator, who thinks he is a new official. The sign-painter thinks the interviewer is merely a pleasant stranger, waiting for someone as he himself is doing. He relieves his over-burdened mind of his frank opinions of our lawmakers and their actions. They are exciting opinions, and the radio man broadcasts them over a national "hook-up." The sign-painter, whose name is Hogg, becomes the most talked-of man of the day.

Washington leaders have only the vaguest idea who is on their pay-rolls. They assume that young Hogg is. They make a grand-stand play by fathering his free speech. In the end the young sign-painter, cheered on by the girl he loves, builds a career on common-sense, and has both the administration leaders and the opposition bidding for his support. None of this is side-splitting, but most of it is really funny and the audience follows it in high good humor. Fred Steward as the hero acts as if he were feeling his way a bit in the leading role, but this may be high art. Young Hogg is feeling his way as a national spokesman. But the character should develop as the comedy progresses. Once or twice our hero almost lets his artlessness cross the boundary line into imbecility, and the play is not supposed to be a farce.

Helen Shields acts nicely the role of a nice girl, and Will Geer is a convincing hypocritical senator. Mr. Farley may not like himself as Harry Shannon plays him, but the audience is delighted. *Washington Jitters* is a good tonic for the spring depression most of us are feeling.

HEARTBREAK HOUSE. Another fine revival has come down the dramatic highway to rival the successful *Circle*. This time it is George Bernard Shaw's *Heartbreak House* put on and acted in the highest style of the art at the Mercury Theatre, by the Mercury Theatre Company. The staging is by Orson Welles, who also distinguishes himself anew by an excellent performance of the leading role of Captain Shotover. But excellent performances are cheerful commonplaces in this production and Mady Christians' work as Mrs. Hushabye is among the best the years and our American actresses have given us in that role. This time, too, the Mercury Theatre Company has real sets and real costumes. Not that it needs either!

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

MOONLIGHT SONATA. A concert by Paderewski is not to be missed, even if it is interrupted now and then by a thin and sentimental screen romance. It would have been difficult for Lothar Mendes, who directed, to keep even a vital, significant drama from being shaken into tedious episodes by the artistic thunder of Paderewski's musicianship; so that small excuse need be made for the plot's meanderings over a quarter of a century and its long-armed coincidences. As a concert pianist whose rendition of Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* profoundly affects a young married couple and, many years later, is the means of saving their now orphaned daughter from an unfortunate marriage, the maestro is given frequent opportunities to hurdle the script and make the film worthy of the attention not only of the general public, but of that most critical of audiences. We are given full benefit of the camera in close-ups which fairly vibrate with the player's unsurpassed keyboard technique, and listen for rare moments in genuine enchantment at the moving patterns of the *Hungarian Rhapsody* of Liszt and Chopin's *Polonaise*. As for the polite fiction which is appended, London's Marie Tempest and Charles Farrell give attractive performances. But it would hardly be fair to judge this production according to run-of-the-mine standards; it is a unique event which Paderewski recommends to all the family. (*Malmar*)

KENTUCKY MOONSHINE. Having taken that proverbial step from the sublime to the ridiculous, we find virtuosity of a different kind in this raucous hot-weather entertainment with no impediment of sense or sensibility allowed. It is a fresh and continuously funny exploitation of the lunatic Ritz Brothers who make bright amends for some of their strained comedy of the past. There are pleasant songs to top off a gentle satire on radio entertainment in the story of an unsuccessful comedy team which finally breaks into the spotlight by means of assorted hillbilly dialects. Capitalizing on the popularity of mountain music-makers, the Ritz boys establish a residence in the Blue Ridge country and are discovered in due time, not, however, before they are hilariously involved in a backwoods feud. There is a travesty on Snow White to bring the stars to their peak and Tony Martin supplies both musical and romantic interludes. Marjorie Weaver, Slim Summerville and John Carradine fill out the large cast of this amusing family jamboree. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

SWISS MISS. The adventures of a pair of mouse-trap salesmen in Switzerland would probably be rich in comic possibilities even without Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy to portray the travelling drummers. But their presence adds stature to a piece of well-recommended nonsense. Finding themselves in straitened circumstances, the merchants take up the hotel business by way of an unpaid bill and begin to complicate the ordinarily placid routine from the bottom up. Their good deed emerges from a welter of blunders in the form of a reconciliation between a warring composer and a wife who insists on singing. John Blystone's direction does not hamper the episodic clowning of the stars but introduces restful moments of music and romance when needed. Walter Woolf King and Eric Blore add melody and more mirth to a first-rate family diversion. (*MGM*)

MYSTERY HOUSE. Three murders are usually enough to compose an average mystery-melodrama, with an average store of thrills and watchful waiting. Dick Purcell takes up detecting and discovers who-dun-it when a financier and sundry persons are liquidated. Ann Sheridan helps to keep this family hair-raiser supplied with screams. (*Warner*)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

EVENTS

IN the opening months of the civil war, the Spanish Reds did not try to disguise their war on religion. They applied the torch to convents; they profaned and burned churches; they massacred priests and nuns by the thousands, Catholic laymen and laywomen by the hundreds of thousands. Diabolical hatred of the Catholic Faith was manifested in every conceivable manner. . . . The news of this ferocious assault on religion spread around the world and made a bad impression on large bodies of opinion. Agents of the Moscow International in various countries perceived this and recommended that a new strategy be adopted. Their recommendations were adopted. The Red Government in Spain began to pretend that it never had been anti-religious. The excesses in the beginning were caused by mobs, it explained. Anything in the nature of religious persecution was the furthest thing from their minds, the Spanish disciples of liberty-loving Joe Stalin protested. They got hold somehow of fallen-away Catholics and unfrocked priests and sent these around the earth to deceive and confuse Catholics. Propaganda began to pour out of Barcelona concerning the touching love of religious liberty which the atheists of the Spanish Left have always cherished. This propaganda has been printed—often almost word for word—by American newspapers, which are practically a unit in supporting the foes of religion in Spain. . . . If the ancient Romans had seen any necessity for throwing a smoke screen around their anti-Christian activities, if they had been as adept at propaganda as the Bolsheviks are and if there had been newspapers in those days, the world would have seen something like the following.

Antioch (Special Dispatch to the *Antioch Gazette*). In a press conference in Rome yesterday Emperor Nero denied there was any persecution of Christians, either in Rome or throughout the Empire. Interrogated concerning the report that thousands of Christians had been thrown to the lions or made into living torches, he replied: "It must have been the work of mobs." The Emperor said he believed in religious liberty and that he numbered many Christians among his best friends. Toward the end of the conference, he revealed he intends to play the ukulele should Rome burn down again.

If the Hitler regime in Germany were as clever at propaganda as the Soviets and if it had the same entrée into the pages of the American newspapers as the Spanish Soviets have, we would be reading accounts like these. New York (Special to the New York *Bugle* from our Berlin Correspondent). It is difficult to understand how the rumor that there was a persecution against the Jews in Germany ever got started. This correspondent has made a special trip around the Reich for the express purpose of investigating this strange story. He is now in a position to state categorically that there is not the slightest justification for it. There have, it is true, been instances of mob violence against Jews chiefly in the large cities, the small cities, the villages and the country districts, but the Government is in no way to blame for this. Yesterday I had an interesting conference with Dr. Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda. At first, he thought I was spoofing him when I revealed that many Americans have been told the Hitler regime is persecuting the Jews. Finally he saw I was serious. He was stunned. "What!" he exclaimed, "What! Americans have been told that! Why, some of Der Fuehrer's best friends are Jews." Dr. Goebbels said the idea of persecuting the Jews had never even been broached in the Hitler Cabinet. "Tell the American people there is not a word of truth in the report," he said. The general belief here in Berlin is that some foe of the Hitler regime circulated the story to discredit the Nazis.

THE PARADER